
THE NEW STUDENT

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Notes on Freedom

By SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE



Culture's Feet of Clay

By ELISEO VIVAS



The Student South

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES



Political Practicality

By NEWTON ARVIN

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Who's Who

Suzanne LaFollette, formerly an editor of *The Freeman*, is now Associate Editor of *The New Student*. She is author of *Concerning Women*.

Eliseo Vivas will be remembered by *New Student* readers for his study of Henry David Thoreau in the issue for March 7, 1928. He is an instructor in philosophy in the University of Wisconsin.

Newton Arvin is professor of English at Smith College and author of a forthcoming book on Nathaniel Hawthorne. He will contribute a monthly essay on books to *The New Student*.

Ann Morrow was a senior at Smith College last year.

Howard Mumford Jones is a member of the English Department of the University of North Carolina and editor of *The Literary Lantern*, a book review department syndicated to many southern newspapers.

Kenneth M. Gould is managing editor of *The Scholastic*, a national magazine for the public schools.

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The New NEW STUDENT

WITH THIS ISSUE *The New Student* widens its scope and becomes a general magazine of opinion, with minor emphasis on intercollegiate affairs.

During the past six years this magazine has been preoccupied with liberalizing the methods and clarifying the goal of modern college education. But it was never intended that *The New Student* should become merely a journal for discussing educational methods. Reform of the college seemed at the outset to be the most important task for a group of college men and women with the means for influencing the opinion of their generation, and now that the principles of progressive education are gaining recognition in colleges where six years ago they were regarded with hostility we believe that the time has come for a shift in editorial emphasis.

The new *New Student* will not compete in any way with existing magazines of opinion. It will make a bid for the adult reader outside college as well as the college person, but there, we hope, the similarity with other general magazines will end. Our endeavor will be to live up to the title, "student," and to deal mainly with the fundamental principles that underlie events and behavior without committing ourselves to any creed, political or otherwise. Mr. Newton Arvin, who will contribute a monthly essay of literary criticism, illustrates our point of departure in his contribution for this issue, in which he views the major presidential candidates *sub specie aeternitatis*. The same may be said of Miss Suzanne La Follette's article which is the introduction to a search for the meaning of freedom and its relation to the various aspects of society.

A critical examination of fundamental beliefs by which we move and have our being seems to us more important to the intelligent man and woman just at present than any current program of action. The prevalent apathy toward causes and crusades is not to be deplored, in our estimation, since current programs tend generally to sentimental, uninformed revolt against or else rationalized surrender to the all-powerful spirit of our highly geared but purposeless civilization.

We offer this first issue as a rough indication of the direction in which we propose to travel, not as a finished example of the magazine we dream of making. Further growth depends not only on our editorial ability, but on the response of the thoughtful reading public and on the discovery of writers who are intelligently concerned with studying and understanding their times.

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Notes on Freedom

I. The Social Mold

By SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

THE DESIRE for autonomy is one of the strongest in human nature, and one of the earliest manifested. The child, while it is still in the cradle, finds ways to make clear its desire to have its own way, and its resentment of interference. Later, when it has learned to walk and talk, one of the first things it learns is to demand to be allowed to do things for itself, without interference from officiously helpful elders. Any person who has had charge of young children knows that the pride of a child in something it has done for itself, however bunglingly, far outweighs the pleasure it might take in the same thing done for it, in a much better way, by some one else. This desire of the child to manage its own concerns is the expression of a fundamental instinct: the instinct to grow. The child who is allowed to do things for itself, and discover things for itself, learns thereby, even through the mistakes it makes; and to learn through one's own experience is the surest way to grow. Just here lies the most difficult problem which the intelligent and well-meaning person entrusted with the care of children has to face: how to guide the child without falling into the mistake of regulating it; how to leave it free to manage its own concerns while teaching it at the same time to respect the rights of other people. If the average person in such a position makes a sorry mess of it, that is not to be wondered at; the question in its essentials is the question of freedom, and the history of that question down to date is a history of failure.

For the instinct to be free is profoundly affected by environment. No human being can be entirely independent, for every human being is part of a social organization governed by usages and laws to which he must adapt himself if he wishes to avoid severe social and legal penalties. Theorists are fond of assuming that these usages and laws exist to protect the rights of individuals against encroachment by other individuals within the organization, and to ensure the organization as a whole against the attacks of hostile organizations. This may be the case ideally, but it has never yet been so in fact. In all organized societies, usage and law have gone much further, extending to the regulation of minutiae of conduct which in a free society would be recognized as exclusively individual concerns.

If we turn to primitive social organizations, concerning which anthropological study has furnished abundant information, we find that while the instinct for freedom may exist among primitive peoples, the concept of freedom as a natural right does not. Among such peoples, the social organization is supreme; the individual is rigidly subordinated to it, and his most important con-

cerns are considered as legitimately concerning the organization, and to be regulated by it according to the accepted custom or law. Since the basic social unit is the family, the primitive social organization consists of the family unit and the larger ethnical units that develop out of it. It follows that the individual is subordinated to the family organization. He is subject to the authority of his parents, as they are subject to the ruling authority of the larger social unit—a patriarch, perhaps, or a council of elders. The child is regarded as the property of its parents, whose authority in some societies—as the power of the father in ancient Rome, for example—may extend to the right of life and death over their offspring. Its labor belongs to them, and its marriage is arranged by them with a regard primarily to social and economic advantage. If the child be a girl, she is usually regarded as a chattel, to be sold in marriage by her parents and thereafter to be considered the property of her husband or his family.

I would not give the impression that the usages I have mentioned are invariable; there is on the contrary a wide diversity of social usage among primitive peoples. Nevertheless the general rule, that the individual among such peoples is primarily not an individual at all, but part of a social organization based on the family as an economic and social unit, is valid for all primitive societies. Individuation is the mark of a high degree of culture. Among primitive peoples the child is forced into the social mold at an early age; and so profoundly is he affected by the process that he accepts without question the rules and disabilities to which he is subject, and when he comes to the age to exercise parental or tribal authority, he enforces in his turn the same rules and disabilities to which he has been subjected in his youth. If, for example, the authority in the tribe be the will of the elders, and it be, as in some Polynesian tribes, the custom of the elders to appropriate to themselves the young girls of the tribe as wives, he will accept the older woman assigned to him in marriage and patiently await his turn to secure a young wife until he has become one of the privileged age-class.

Nor is it alone to the authority of his family that the individual must bow. The tribe has its gods who must be feared, revered and propitiated. Any act of sacrilege by an individual is believed to invite the divine vengeance against the whole group; and therefore such acts are punishable by severe penalties. It has its military organization for purposes of aggression or defense, and the individual must accept without question his place in that organization, with the rewards and dangers attendant upon military activity. It

has its traditional sexual division of labor, which may not be contravened without risk of opprobrium or worse punishment. It has its taboos affecting the regulation of sexual relations, marriage, and social intercourse, and these have all the force and sanction of laws. In short, there is no disability against which the individual of today must contend in his struggle to achieve autonomy, that is not present in an extreme form in the primitive social unit. It is to the beginnings of history that we must turn, to the time when our ancestors were still in the primitive state, if we would seek the origin of those traditions, superstitions and taboos which constitute reasons why freedom is still only a promised land of which a few exploring spirits have had glimpses from afar.

Even to have visioned freedom from afar is to have made great progress. The concept of freedom as a natural right is comparatively new in the world's history. The ancient civilizations were based upon chattel slavery; and they never got further in their concept of freedom than the idea of equal rights for free men. Even so great a thinker as Aristotle entertained the belief that there are free natures and slave natures. Nor did the ancients envisage for free men that liberty of thought and action contemplated in the philosophy of modern thinkers on the subject. If the modern individual could become a citizen of Plato's ideal State, he would find himself hampered and irritated at every turn by a host of things that he would be forced to do or to abstain from. It remained for the modern spirit, building on the foundation laid by the ancients, and influenced by the revolutionary Christian doctrine of spiritual equality, to evolve the concept of freedom, individual and universal, in thought and in action, unhampered by any prohibition save that of interference with the rights of others; a philosophy, it need hardly be said, which even now finds few minds courageous enough to accept and endorse it unreservedly.

The strongest enemy of freedom is fear. Every human being has an innate desire for freedom; but he has also the instinct of self-preservation, and this instinct produces fear of all that is strange or mysterious—of everything, that is to say, whose effect upon him is incalculable. Upon his emergence into a consciousness of self, man finds himself in a world animated by forces which are mysterious and therefore terrifying. Before natural phenomena—the changing seasons, storms, floods, earthquakes, birth and death—he stands uncomprehending and afraid; and out of his need to conquer these mysteries by devising some explanation for them arise a host of superstitions that eventually crystallize into the tribal cult, with its prohibitions and observances which no member of the tribe may question or disregard without incurring the wrath of the unseen animating forces of nature which it is his duty to propitiate, and thereby bringing retribution not on himself alone but on the whole tribe. Nor is

it only the unseen forces of nature which are to be feared. There is the fear between man and man, which produces hostility toward the stranger, and an elaborate system of rules and taboos governing the mutual relations of members within the tribe; and these also the individual may defy only at the risk of obloquy or death. No one knows the origin of these rules and taboos. They are inheritances from an obscure past; and their very age gives them authority, for mankind is prone to give an absurd reverence to what its ancestors have done, for no better reason than the fact that they have done it. The revival hymn of the "old time religion" expresses an attitude of spirit which is present and powerful in all societies.

Thus do man's fears translate themselves into social bonds which hamper him at every step in his upward struggle. The individual finds himself a part of a social organization with its accepted gods and its ritual of worship, its traditional code of morals with their social and legal sanctions, its laws of property, its rules governing the relation between the sexes and between parents and children; in short, its *modus vivendi*, which may be far from ideal, which may involve injustice to certain classes and impede the development of individuality, but which after all is workable. Any radical change in this organization is a venture into the unknown which he dreads. The average individual, therefore, even though he be a victim of the social order, inclines not only to accept the ills he has so long as they are tolerable, but to regard with fear and suspicion any agitation for change.

Indeed, so adaptable is human nature even to the most untoward conditions, and so heavily do the shackles of the accustomed weigh upon the spirit, that it is only with difficulty that men come to question at all the laws, traditions, myths and moral codes that mold the social order under which they live, however much these may hamper their lives and impede their happiness. Someone, I think it is Mill, has remarked that the oppressed never ask for freedom at first, but only for relief from particular abuses. This will appear only natural when it is remembered that any claim for freedom would challenge the inveterate assumption, backed by the sanctions of religion, political authority and public opinion, that whatever is, is right.

Even if one assume that the individual in whom the longing for autonomy survives the molding process were willing to content himself with seeking freedom for himself alone, abstaining from the dissemination of his opinions, or from any attempt to divert others from the accepted way, he would find himself hampered at every turn by the social restrictions. If the society in which he lives permits no diversity of religious belief or practice, he may of course believe as he will so long as he is willing to conceal his heresy; no one can prevent that; but if he presume to exer-

cise freedom of conscience in refusing the required service to the accepted gods, or in worshipping such gods as he may elect to worship, he lays himself liable to penalties which have ranged in the world's history all the way from social ostracism to burning at the stake. If one prefer examples from our own history, the persecutions of the unorthodox in the Massachusetts Bay colony during the seventeenth century furnish illuminating evidence on this point. Equally severe penalties are visited upon departure from the prevailing code of sexual morality unless the dissenter be careful to conceal his aberrancy. Women, especially in the higher stages of civilization, are more frequently victims of the sexual code than men. The sanctions upon feminine defiance of the prevailing morality have never been other than punitive and rarely other than severe.

If the hypothetical seeker after freedom wishes to engage in some occupation not considered proper for his or her sex or social class, here again there are obstacles ranging from mere public disapproval to actual prohibition. The same would be true of any attempt to secure educational advantages not generally approved of for one's sex or class. Many examples of these difficulties have been furnished in our own time by the struggle of women to attain equality with men in education and industry. As for any attempt to pursue scientific or philosophical inquiry to conclusions that might threaten the ascendancy of what has been accepted for truth and institutionalized as such, that is resisted in all societies with all the weight of established authority. Either the inquiring mind must carefully conceal its discoveries, as Roger Bacon is said to have done, or it must be prepared to accept martyrdom. Innumerable examples of this resistance to speculation will occur to my readers. It is hardly necessary even to cite here the fact that the comparative freedom of modern thought on scientific and religious subjects is the fruit of many persecutions. It may be worth while, however, to remark that at present the official and popular resistance to thought is directed chiefly against economic and political unorthodoxy. The citizen who presumes to question the nature of government, or the right of Governments to sacrifice life to the furtherance of imperialist policies, or who dares to question the justice of the established economic order, is likely to incur severe legal penalties and a trying public odium.

Under such circumstances, evidently, it is impossible for a single individual to achieve more than a very limited degree of independence in thought and action unless he is ready to suffer the possible consequences of his hardihood. There can be no real freedom of thought so long as one is denied the right to express one's thought or to translate it into action. There can be no real freedom to act so long as one is under compulsion to be furtive. The individual, therefore, would have a sorry time of it who tried to enjoy autonomy in a society where authority and public senti-

ment were opposed to freedom. In such a society, every autonomous act, every dissenting opinion, in matters covered by the code, would be regarded as anti-social and dangerous, and punished as such, either officially with fines, imprisonment, torture or death, according to the rigors of the law or the seriousness of the offense, or by a public disapproval which might range in its effect all the way from making its victim uncomfortable to the point of costing him his life or, what is the same thing, his living. Usually the official penalty implies the unofficial also, for a person who has been chastised under the criminal law, save in cases where public opinion is itself opposed to that law, is thereafter stigmatized as a criminal with whom it is disgraceful or hazardous to associate.

There can be no real freedom, then, without social sanction. There may be within the social order classes which enjoy a greater or less degree of freedom than other classes. Women, for example, are usually allowed less freedom than men. There may exist a wealthy upper class whose power places it in some degree above law and custom, and a lower class whose members, having nothing to lose, can afford to disregard convention. But the individual who succeeds in attaining a position which enables him to shake off with impunity the levelling force of the accepted and expected is so rare as to be almost non-existent.

For every autonomous act or thought in any category which is considered important enough to be regulated by custom or law really amounts to a challenge of law or custom. It sets the aberrant individual apart from the crowd; it stamps him as different and therefore to be feared. And it threatens disturbance of the social equilibrium through change; for it constitutes a demonstration that a departure from the accepted order of things is possible and even desirable. It is an example which adventurous spirits may follow, and which may thus come in course of time to prevail. Therefore it is stoutly resisted by all those who are opposed to change, whether because of self-interest, superstition, or mere inertia. Institutionalism envisages a level of safe mediocrity, a condition in which the ideal is an imitation of the average. The autonomous individual must necessarily break the mold of the average; he must dare to differ from the crowd. "In the degree that a mind succeeds in effacing in itself all traces of imitation," says Faure, "it progresses in freedom." Such an ideal is directly opposed to that of institutionalism. Individuation requires growth, which is change; whereas institutionalism aims at immobility. It is because of this opposition of ideals that the pioneers of freedom have invariably been its martyrs.

* * * * *

In my next article I shall consider some special aspects of the opposition between freedom and authority.

Culture's Feet of Clay

By ELISEO VIVAS

WHATEVER ideal or theoretical *raison d'être* may be found for human institutions, they exist and perdure for purely practical, material ends. A successful institution is one which meets practical, material ends. The theoretical or ideal ends which may justify an institution on paper will generally be found, upon examination, to be *a posteriori* justifications, which, while they buttress the philosophical foundations of the institution to which they apply, remain yet in the majority of cases different from, and in many cases incompatible with, the practical ends which the institution is called upon to fulfill. Thus for instance, the current ideas as to the ends and *raison d'être* of the state are in reality incompatible with the functions which upon examination the state is found to be fulfilling today. It is for this reason that the economic interpretation of history, while not altogether complete, because it fails to take into consideration a good many factors concomitant to the development of historical phenomena, still remains the most nearly perfect method of historical interpretation. Its psychology is more profound than that of the older history because its outlook is more realistic.

It also must be noted that the actual and material ends which institutions are called upon to fulfill in the world of affairs are not always to be found explicitly expressed. They are indeed in the majority of cases hidden to the eye of the observer, or even to the self-righteous eyes of those whose business it is to control them. Hidden conveniently by a thick layer of theories whose chief end is to obscure the real function of the institution, or at least to interpret it so as to make the reality more palatable to those whom the institution is designed to control.

This contrast between the ideal and the real function of social institutions is to be found in no more radical contradiction than in the higher institutions of learning. The ideal theory governing modern education today may be summarized by the statement that education is an end in itself, or that culture is an ultimate good. To that end, apparently, the modern state and modern society maintain a costly and elaborate equipment, and an organized personnel chosen from the best trained if not the finest brains of the community. But nothing can be farther from the actual facts than this avowed end of higher education. Culture—except in the case of a small number of disinterested scholars who do not count in the practical affairs of society, not only because of their small number and esoteric aloofness, but also because as a class they are notoriously devoid of a sense of reality—culture finds support today, not for the ideal ends which it is supposed to achieve, but for the actual, the practical, the material ends which it effectively achieves.

It has, of course, always been so; and history amply proves it. Disinterested as we like to think the Greeks were, their culture achieved the glorious flowering that it did because it was directed towards solving practical problems, because it was enthusiastically subservient to the consciousness of civic responsibility which characterized them as a people. The sophist movement, and the development of dialectics during the Socratic period is an instance. The sophists became popular and succeeded handsomely, not because they fitted the youth of Athens better to find, through philosophy, ultimate happiness, which was their professed aim as teachers. They commanded a good price for their teaching and were in demand because they fitted the youth of Athens better to argue their own cases of law. For the Greeks, it need not be mentioned, did not possess that particular form of vermin which since the Romans has become so popular in western civilization, the legal advocate.

During the Middle Ages the same holds true. The flowering of theology and of scholastic philosophy springs from a need felt during the twelfth century for a more solid theoretical foundation upon which to rest the claims of the Roman Catholic Church as a truly catholic institution and as a supreme temporal power. The elaboration of scholastic philosophy had apparently nothing but an intellectual implication. But its abstractness is delusive, for the desire to establish the dogma of the Church upon rational grounds had in reality this ultimate empirical implication: That it was only upon the condition of absolute acceptance of Catholic dogmas that the Church could control the destinies, temporal and spiritual, of its members. The materialistic interpretation of history triumphs here completely. It is the only approach to the history of the Medieval Church which clarifies certain issues and solves certain problems otherwise radically insoluble. And culturally, we find empirical demonstration of this theory in the fact that intellectual interests were given a place in the scheme of education of the time so far only as they were subservient to the main intellectual interest of the times: the manufacture of a theological metaphysics. And to give explicit coherence to the whole we see Theology elected Queen of the Sciences.

An epoch however, as has been pointed out repeatedly, is never homogeneous. We should not be surprised to find, therefore, that no sooner had the Church tried to put into practice its theory of temporal supremacy, than the rise of nationalities and of the middle class came to throw a bolt into the smooth working of things. And culturally, again, the study of law—best typified during this period by the sudden rise to prominence of the

University of Bologna, or the appearance of radical thinkers such as Marsiglio of Padua, Jean of Jandun, Pierre Dubois, or later yet, John Wycliffe—comes as a parvenu to dispute if not in theory at least in practice, the main claim to the attention of the students of the times. The study of law became popular at about this time because kings—Philip the Fourth of France, for instance, or Ludwig of Bavaria—had need of able men capable of manufacturing a solid metaphysics with which to oppose the metaphysics of the church. In this new historical development, education and culture find again their *raison d'être* in the fact that they had practical material application.

It does not mean of course that other interests did not exist. It simply means that they were subservient to the practical interests. We will always find disinterested scholars, comma counters, and rhymesters. The arts live on, because they amuse the masters, or the populace. To the former, they furnish a distraction from the labors of exploitation; to the latter, a consolation for the exploitation of which they are victims. Bread and circus, the Roman formula of tyranny—is it not our formula today? Not so much bread that the slaves will become too fat, for then they will grow too arrogant; but not so little that they will die off altogether or become unfit to breed.

The materialistic interpretation of culture (in its wide sense) holds good today. The growth of technology in the Nineteenth Century finds its initial impulse in the Industrial Revolution. The Industrial Revolution does not find, as we have been taught in history courses, its impulse in the growth of science. It is true of course that after the initial impulse, science helped and gave impetus to industrial expansion, and this in turn gave added impetus to scientific research. But the needs in industry are to be found as the initial cause, not as the result of the development of the method of technology. The desire for industrial expansion put a premium on mechanical invention; it awakened and gave it outlet. To the same needs of industry are to be ascribed the recent development of statistical mathematics and of economics as a science.

So much for historical interpretation. If we could only look at the present with the same realistic eyes with which we look at the past, the reiteration of the above platitudes would have become unnecessary. But in the discussion of the modern college and university, which preoccupies so many at present, I have not yet seen the same realistic approach, the same desire to search for the actual, as different from the ideal, causes, ends and functions as we find in our discussion of historical events. The causes for this lack of objectivity which characterizes investigation into contemporary institutions are general and not pertinent to this paper. But it would be well to point out briefly, that involved among them, as the most important, lies that partiality of the investigator for the institution which he investigates; his economic and sentimental loyalties are

biases which obscure the issue and make him bungle in his research.

We should, from the analogy with cultural conditions in the past which I have suggested, be led to look into the real function of the modern college. Is its function culture for its own sake? Wisdom as an ultimate good? Hardly this. As it was in the past, the college is subservient today to the predominating interests and controlling forces of our world. To be brief, I think we can say that the modern college or university exists and is generously supported by the system for the following reasons: Because it is the factory wherein the metaphysics of the system are manufactured. By this I mean that it is in the college that the theories which justify the system and defend it from the attacks of the radical are elaborated. It is the professors who study the meaning of Democracy, and sing its praises syllogistically. They are the ones whose business it is to defend the competitive system and to show how it is the only possible system under which humanity can progress. They defend the current morality—since the ruling class depends upon its hold on affairs partly upon the conformity which the current morality prescribes as the norm of conduct. To demonstrate their independence, they propose reforms along strictly orthodox lines. And in general, it is they whose business it is to defend the system from the intellectual outlaw. Several years ago, the *New York World* published an interesting news item: "*Bankers to Endow 50 Scholarships. Association Starts to Raise \$500,000, for Study of Economics in Colleges. As a Check on Radicalism.*" Though interesting for its frankness, this news item is not remarkable at all; it is quite common. Common also, are passages like the following, from our professional philosophers:

Now, pragmatic relativism . . . voices accurately and in the language of technical philosophy the anti-intellectualism that dominates the new school of political and social science. . . . In its political program it means the interest of the stronger, the repudiation of democracy, and the adoption of class dictatorship, whether "red" or "white" as the goal to be sought. In its tactics it means the substitution of bullets for ballots; "direct action," and the unashamed use of force replacing the painfully acquired devices of parliamentary procedure. . . .

This remarkable passage on the dreadful implications of relativism was not issued from the office of the Key-Men of America; it comes from the pen of Dr. W. P. Montague, professor of philosophy in Columbia University, *The Ways of Knowing*, page 172. Note the independence of mind of the professor: ready to repudiate, whatever the consequences, "white" dictatorship, as well as "red"; because Democracy in America is in danger of overthrow from Fascist sources, I take it. Like this passage one can find innumerable others, among the abstract philosophic speculations of our disinterested thinkers. But this one serves as well as any other to illustrate nicely the ultimate implication of our academic philosophic thinking.

The college also finds support from the system

because it trains the hands that will later direct the system or help its maintenance. The ruling class is of course made in heaven, not on earth; but here on earth it must be trained. The college is the place to which the engineers, the economists, the professional men go for their technique of management and their knowledge of the art of exploitation.

These two are the main functions of the modern college or university. Incidentally only do these institutions furnish a place of refuge for the

scholar of antiquities, the comma counter, or the pure scientist. But note that if they do, it is only to those who can conform to the system or give it their implicit assent. The modern college or university is no place for the non-conformist. Economic heretics have no place in it. And philosophers, only in so far as their thinking is innocuous and orthodox. A Dewey can hold a chair of philosophy in a modern university: liberalism is not dangerous. A Scott Nearing cannot: why should the system encourage its own overthrow?

The Biography of a Voter

By NORMAN STUDER

HE IS ONE of the thousands of young Americans who came of age shortly after April 7, 1917—too late to be infected, as he undoubtedly would have been were he ten years older, by the Wilsonian crusade for the New Freedom. He began to think about the war and its consequences, and about things in general, in those dark days when the Apostle of liberalism was throwing his liberal and radical friends into jail at the slightest provocation and turning the White House over to his enemies, the hate-poisoned jingoes and greedy industrialists. Randolph Bourne's essay on "Twilight of Idols," this young man accepted as the best epitaph of those liberals who cheerfully welcomed the war and fatuously dreamed that they were molding it to democratic and world-transforming ends. He learned his political lesson early—the lesson of skepticism and doubt. No liberal politician would ever find him, he resolved, with his heart pinned to his sleeve.

In his childhood he had learned that water refuses to flow uphill and he now thought that he had learned his political A B C's when he concluded that the politician is governed in his actions, if not in his rhetoric, by the economic and political limitations of his party. Woodrow Wilson had preached against the influence of business in government and then allowed the industrialists of New England to veto the inclusion of Brandeis in his cabinet. The liberal weakness was to accept rhetoric and disregard realities; to "adjust" themselves to one of the two old parties in the hope that a little heaven would lighten these lumps, no matter how sodden they were with reactionary politicians. The student was amused, upon turning through the files of one of the liberal magazines, to find an editorial inspired by the Wilsonian victory of 1916, solemnly advising the Republican Party that if it wished to become more than a minority party it must outbid the Democrats for liberal support. The Democrats would be neatly maneuvered into a conservative position by this clever strategist and the Republican Party would become the voice of "the more intelligent business men, the liberal middle class, the energetic West, the farmers and possibly even

a majority of labor. . ." The student reflected that the Republican Party had discovered another way in 1920 to emerge from the temporary obscurity of a minority position, and it was interesting to find this liberal Napoleon offering even so late as 1928 to march his army down the hill to a re-born Republican Party. Unconquerable hope!

"The defect of any philosophy of 'adaptation' or 'adjustment,'" Bourne had written, "even when it means adjustment to changing, living experience, is that there is no provision for thought or experience getting beyond itself. If your ideal is to be adjusted to your situation, in radiant co-operation with reality, then your success is likely to be just that and no more. You never transcend anything. You grow, but your spirit never jumps out of your skin to go on wild adventures. If your policy as a publicist reformer is to take what you can get, you are likely to find that you get something less than you should be willing to take." The populist movement of the 90's had succumbed to this pragmatic philosophy and had perished. The Bull Moose and Wilson Democrats had gone the same way.

In 1924 the student was somewhat heartened, for it seemed as though there was at last to be a "wild adventure." Like Senator Norris and a few other staunch old fighters of the best liberal tradition, Senator LaFollette was a man whom the political skeptic might follow with few mental reservations. For once all forward-looking men were united under one banner, and the young man felt the mental exhilaration of being immersed in a large current of humanity flowing toward a goal that he approved. To one whose lot it had been to doubt and oppose, this was a novel and satisfying experience. One felt that the world was moving and that dammed-up ideas were about to find outlet in constructive action. So it seemed, for a while at least, as one outlined one's political Utopia from the platform of an automobile truck on the street corner of a middle-western railroad town, or before a crowded hall of farmers and their wives on an Ohio crossroad.

The LaFollette candidacy seemed much more promising than the empty theatricality of the Rooseveltian or the fluctuating progressivism of

the Wilsonian revolt, but there was one flaw that soon became apparent. The candidate committed the familiar liberal sin of expecting immediate returns. The most fatal thing that could have happened to this progressive movement, the student was convinced, was for it to succeed in placing LaFollette in the White House. The country was not prepared for any fundamental politico-economic reforms, and the student doubted whether an eighth of the four million LaFollette voters were. Even the mildest of changes, in such a case, would fade away overnight, as did the vaunted gubernatorial reforms of Woodrow Wilson in New Jersey. For effective political action the progressives should have begun a campaign of education in fundamental reforms, as they had an excellent opportunity for doing. Instead there was the usual scramble for immediate success, and the LaFollette party melted away in a month.

All during the summer of 1928 the liberal press was in an agony of uncertainty. Mindful of past disappointments, the liberals were chary of placing their hopes in one of the old-line candidates. "If Al Smith only speaks out," they wrote, or "Herbert Hoover might win the respect and support of liberals, if. . ." Such were the sighs and yearnings of these liberals who wanted desperately to be wooed. If the candidates would only speak out. . . It was indeed a period of "inquisitive and watchful hesitation" for progressive editors, if not progressive voters. Here again was the old disregard of economic realities. Even though Al Smith surrounded himself with as illiberal a group of plutocrats as ever lined the Republican treasure chest, rhetoric conquered all. Finally Al Smith did speak out in somewhat liberal accents in his acceptance speech. As soon thereafter as *The Nation* went to press it announced to the world that "Al Smith has spoken out. His acceptance speech is worthy of the man and the office which he seeks." But *The Nation* with commendable good sense refused to be blinded to the weaknesses of this new progressivism. Frankly admitting their confusion of mind the editors left to the individual conscience of each progressive voter the question of whether a more realistic party alignment might be secured by voting for Thomas or for Smith.

The New Republic, without such pangs of uncertainty, gave its support to Al Smith. Hoover had eliminated himself from the consideration of progressives by his determination to out-Coolidge Coolidge himself. The progressive choice was between Al Smith and Norman Thomas. Since the people were "inert and contented" this was not the year to propose radical political action. Al Smith had shown progressive tendencies and, since he had a chance of being elected, a vote for Al Smith was a vote for political reality. The radicals had failed in former campaigns and a vote for Norman Thomas would express nothing "but an emotional antipathy to existing social controls." *The New Republic*, recognizing Smith's shortcomings as a progressive, recognizing also

that the majority of the Democratic members of Congress were hopelessly reactionary, chose to gamble on the possibility of Smith's gradual conversion to a more thoroughgoing and militant progressivism that would eventually lead him to purge the Democratic Party and make it a powerful weapon for change.

Our student reflected that this New Republican policy of adjustment to such a hopeless organ as the Democratic Party of 1928 represented the desperate straits of a bankrupt political pragmatism. The Wilsonian crusade might be understood and forgiven, but to have learned nothing since 1916 seemed preposterous. Wilson had cut loose from the bosses before he ever became candidate for the presidency. Whenever he spoke of the party machines thereafter it was in most scorching terms. There was a reasonable basis for hope then. Al Smith, on the contrary, delivered a warm eulogy of Tammany Hall a few weeks after his nomination. And if his acceptance speech sounded progressive his choice of campaign associates, which spoke louder than words, had a different ring: Raskob, the virulently open-shop millionaire, and the scores of others of his kind who loosened their purse strings to prove that the Democratic Party was as safe for Business as the Republican. The voter who lied that the contributions of such men created no insurmountable political obligations, even though no verbal agreements were made, was deluding himself once more. The anonymous political correspondent of *The New Republic* with his shrewd common sense, did not apparently subscribe to the editors' hopes for "President Smith," for he wrote: "Should the unexpected happen and Al be elected, the tip is that Jake [Raskob] will be Secretary of the Treasury, succeeding the sainted Andrew." Perhaps, the student mused, Al Smith's mayor of New York, Jimmy Walker, would be elevated to the Secretaryship of State. The desire to be on the winning side must be strong to impel one to accept such political bedfellows.

Another group of intellectuals selected their candidate with even less regard for the underlying realities. They were the Pot and Kettle partisans, and some were for Pot while others were for Kettle. If they were for Smith they pretended that corruption was a Republican weakness, and if they were for Hoover they ignored the patent fact that he had moved complacently for years in the stench of Republican corruption, and focused their indignation on the Tammany Tiger. One of these Pot-and-Kettlers assailed our student with the argument that he ought to vote for Smith in order to administer a salutary defeat to the religious bigots, but he reflected sadly that such a vote would be cast in support of a party that maintained its solid block of electoral votes in the South by keeping that region a "white man's country."

Our friend will not vote for Smith this year. He will vote for Norman Thomas. His liberal

friends will argue that it is a vote thrown away because it will not be cast for a possible winner; but he is quite ready to forego the dubious satisfaction of having made his vote "effective" by helping to elect a rhetorically liberal candidate whose roots are firmly imbedded in machine politics. If the country is not to experience indefinitely a mere sterile succession of "ins" and "outs," he believes, those dissenters who wish to participate in politics at all must find something more constructive to do with their votes than merely to throw them to the one of the two old-party candidates who seems the less illiberal. The Socialist Party, he reflects, has lost its earlier vigor; but while the main part of it is politically decadent, it shows a promising offshoot in the vigorous and mentally alert group represented by its candidate. Moreover, it offers an opportunity to vote for the ideal of government by those who produce as opposed to that of government by those who exploit. At least, then, it presents an issue, a fundamental issue. Therefore it appears to merit the support of discontented voters, who, like our young friend, have had their fill of political pragmatism.

An Engineer's Ideals

ANONYMOUS

LAST WINTER THE NEW STUDENT raised the question of what becomes of college ideals: Is it possible to have ideals in a workaday world? The following article was written as a response to this request. There are many more phases of the question and many professions to be heard from. We will be glad to hear from anyone who has a definite contribution to make to this discussion.

AN ENGINEER is a practical man. He is interested in making material things, dams or mines or electrical machines or telephone and telegraph systems. If he has any ideal, he certainly has the one of doing things efficiently. The word, engineer, in fact, conveys this to most people; when charges of materialism are being made, the engineer comes in for the major part because he follows this ideal too well. What I am going to say will be a little different from the charges of materialism. From my point of view the engineer is not too much of a materialist, but too little. He doesn't let his opinions know what his actions are. Even though there is something quite admirable about his efficiency, he won't claim it because he is more interested in claiming what I feel are illusions, ideals that have no actual significance at all. He claims publicly to be what no one is, and about what he actually is he says no word.

The ideal of doing things efficiently can be followed regardless of the value of the work being done. The man who takes to engineering natively, writes memoranda, uses office equipment, and works on the car or the radio, with as much efficiency as he uses professionally. I've seen engineers patch an unsatisfactory memorandum into a satisfactory one by the use of paste and shears, saving themselves the trouble of rewriting the parts which were good. It seems to be a gift; there is a type engineer as certainly as there is a type artist or newspaper man, or poet, or financier. Working efficiently satisfies an engineer, and he is dissatisfied with the temperament and work of an artist, for instance, who doesn't go about it efficiently. Plenty of the wives of engineers know how much of a curse in the kitchen is the ideal of efficiency. The native engineer who works this way doesn't acquire

his efficiency, and so is probably not justified in saying it is his ideal, since he can do nothing different in any event. But efficiency can be said to be the ideal which the engineer represents, and, as I think, the only ideal which has been claimed for him or by him, which he satisfies.

The engineer rarely claims this as his ideal; he is not content to believe that he is simply a high-class machine. When you place such a simple function before him as an ideal, he backs away. In the engineering magazines, upon every public occasion whenever engineers are spoken about, and prominently displayed in the Engineering Societies Building the statement appears that the engineering ideal is the control of nature for the service of mankind. This is a generality that can offend nobody, nor make any change in the working habits or judgments of the engineers. I doubt if it has any meaning for the engineer; I've never heard any discussion of it, and I've never seen an engineer pause in making a decision to consider the welfare of mankind. But upon every public occasion when it's necessary to say something which will offend nobody, and sound well, the engineers repeat this. What engineer anyway would be rash enough to say what was to the service of mankind? Engineers through their activities provide a more complicated system of satisfying economic wants, and in addition to that, a few toys to keep themselves amused, such as television and the radio. At the same time they succeed in keeping amusement before the public, and in diverting their interest from what they want, to how they're getting it. This isn't doing a service; it's a game of open your eyes and shut your mouth. There's more interest in seeing how the thing's coming to you, than in eating it. There's no particular service to mankind, or the race, or even the individual who, I suppose, would do the thing for himself without much more trouble, but there is a big service to business. Business is booming, and it requires engineers to make the steel, the radios, the cars, the railroads; the people to whom the engineers are of real service are the people whom they directly serve, the financiers.

Ask the men who are employed in factories using the Taylor system, a method devised by an engineer for increasing production, What service is being performed for them by the engineer? Any group of wage earners will give the same answer. A few years ago a committee of engineers published a book called, *Waste in Industry*. Nothing more has been heard of it. Consider the waste in industry resulting from writing a book of this kind and not taking steps to act upon it.

My point is not that the engineers are wilfully doing harm to mankind, but that they are deluded in claiming to do it a service simply because they happen to be manipulating materials. An engineer in doing his job doesn't consider mankind explicitly at all, and the consideration is irrelevant to his doing the job well, presumably the necessary thing.

This will be calumny to the teachers in the colleges. I have heard a college professor say that an engineer should be a valued member of society because of his training in "cold straightforward thinking," and his ability to get at the facts. On this account he should try to be more in the social system; be a leading citizen of his community, broaden his interests and his viewpoints, so as to be a leading factor in everything that goes on. The idea behind this is that everything he touched would turn to gold. Given the direct thinking which is the result of his training, the bungling inadequate social system would become an efficient machine.

I won't vote for Hoover for the presidency. My reason is that, if Hoover is and has been a good engineer, he has been concerned with manipulating materials to the maximum efficiency which is desirable for business purposes, and I am afraid he will do the same thing as president, simply out of habit. But this efficiency is non-humanistic, and I don't know what issues it may influence that

will be to the disadvantage of individuals, similar to myself.

The same sort of reasoning leads me to doubt the advantage to society of having the engineer participate in public affairs. The fact that there are distinctive kinds of work which lead us to say that a worker in one of them is an engineer and in the other a politician, shows, in my opinion, that the engineer is not a politician. When he enters politics he will become a politician or he will not be successful, just as the politician entering engineering would be unsuccessful if he continued to think as a politician. The engineer who went into politics, for instance, and proceeded to get the facts would find himself prevented from working with them by interests he hadn't been obliged to consider as an engineer.

My own experience in engineering has helped to convince me not only that the ideals of which I have talked, were illusions, but that all the ideas and ideals I had got on my own hook in college were shady. My ideals were very vague, and reduced to words they lose a good deal of their significance. Mainly, I believed in the significance of my occupation, perhaps mostly because it was mine, and very little out of its own right. I felt that I knew a great many things about transformers, alternators and short circuit currents, and so on; for this I was entitled to respect from those who did not possess a similar knowledge. Most of the work done by my bosses seemed to me quite ordinary. I had the idealistic frame of mind: I was not interested in the jobs I was asked to do but I was interested in the contributions I was going to make toward the understanding of the "art." I don't know whether idealism inevitably results in incompetence; my idealism made me more incompetent than otherwise. It prevented me from being interested in what I was obliged to do. On the other hand, as I learned to be more competent, I dropped the attempt to be idealistic at every step. I lost my ideals by being competent.

This is not an isolated occurrence in my experience. I have been in conference with consulting engineers, who were very well known in the profession, and at the time when they were at a loss as to the facts of the discussion they talked ideals in a broad general way. They talked in a broad general way only when they were incompetent; when they started to work, they got down to details. I have never heard anyone talk in a broad general way when using his wits for some purpose.

As the result of losing the ideals I had when I left college I have learned to be competent in some degree. I can't mourn their loss; they were mirages and the haze they kept me in did me no good. I'd be glad to see them disappear from the engineering press, although that's too much to expect. Engineering has had for a long time the position among the professions of an illegitimate child; it was born without honors and none have been thrust upon it. The engineer has felt the stigma, and has tried to remove it. Like other victims of the inferiority complex, his efforts appear as a form of superiority. He doesn't try to justify himself, he praises himself and believes the other professions suffering in the lack of his virtues. His public ideals are more bravado than stars on which to fasten his wagon. He passes out a few dummy phrases to gloss over the lack of consideration of values in his work; and he loses out in appreciation of the real virtue which he has, his efficiency.

Since society is generally content with the specialized organization it has, there isn't a good reason why the engineer should claim to know values or to make them. It is assumed that there is a reason for his activity, and that he is obliged merely to see things done efficiently. The philosophers are to say what acts are valuable. If this way of working isn't satisfactory, then something should be done to change it. But nothing will be changed by making slogans for business reasons. The way that I see for putting real values into engineering is to make all the philosophers into engineers, and the engineers philosophers, so that the philosophers would be obliged to

put theory into practice, and the engineers would be obliged to consider questions that are never asked in doing their job.

'Lida Was Beautiful'

By ANN MORROW

Afternoon

THE DOOR SLAMMED and the sound of footsteps clicked down the stone steps. 'Lida had left. The rosebushes on either side of the path still trembled a little from having been brushed against as she went by. Inside Grandmother Carol sat knitting by the cold tea things where 'Lida had left her. There was 'Lida's tea cup, the tea leaves, the lemon and half-crumbled biscuit on the table. Here was the pillow slipped down from the sofa that 'Lida had been clutching as she laughed. The room was still, quiet with a dim tingling remembrance (as when a bell has just stopped ringing) of tinkling spoons and the brittle knock of cups and saucers; of 'Lida's laughter which rippled through her conversation and went along with it, circling the islands of her words.

"'Lida is so beautiful," said Elizabeth, still standing by the door watching the trembling rosebushes. Grandmother Carol sat knitting and smiling. "Beautiful girl," she mused slowly. "Beautiful, beautiful," she echoed drowsily, letting the words drop slowly into that pool of silence. "Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful," Jane had just come down the stairs. She could feel the widening ripples of admiration that 'Lida had left behind her. Out on the porch they were talking about her, "—lovely—'Lida—'Lida—beautiful." The rockers creaked. "Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful," Jane sang in a descending scale climbing up the stairs and then ending irrelevantly, "'Life is but a dream.'"

Yes, 'Lida was beautiful, she thought, but it did seem to her that it was rather unfortunate to have such a cousin. Always, as far back as Jane could remember, she had had the incomparable 'Lida held up to her as a model of goodness and beauty. And she wondered wearily, was 'Lida so beautiful? It did seem to her sometimes that 'Lida was just a little—well—*dowdy*. Or was she getting old? Twenty-nine. (Jane reflected seriously). When does the "young married set" cease to be young? That delicious lavender blue skirt—wasn't it just a little too long? As for her figure (Jane surveyed her slim one in the mirror). Well—she was almost tempted to take 'Lida aside and tell her she should count her calories! She ate so many of those little crumb-y biscuits at tea. What fun it would be to give the incomparable 'Lida a tip. 'Lida who had always given *her* tips—showed her how to tie her dancing school bow so that it stuck out stiffly—who had put her hair up the first time—who had sent some of her beaux to dance with her at parties so that her young cousin would not be a wall-flower. No, Jane reflected rather bitterly, she couldn't even have a beau without 'Lida's having had him first. That was it of course. Tom had once liked 'Lida. That explained Jane's vague resentment. Nasty envy, that was all it was, and silly at that, now that 'Lida had married someone else and now that Tom— — —.

There was a letter from him, today's mail on her bureau. "Anyway, 'Lida," she said out loud a little triumphantly and slit open the letter with bored assurance of its contents. She would have a moment to read it before she must help Elizabeth with the tea things. (Already she could hear the rattle of silver in the tray downstairs, the squeak of the card table legs as Elizabeth shut them up). "Anyway, 'Lida—" she repeated. A little too bored she was, a little too sure of the contents. She knew he would ask when he could see her again and why she

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hadn't written, how hot it was in Boston, small gossip, how he would be the best young lawyer in the country in a year or two if he worked hard and if she would only say—(downstairs she could hear the heavy scrape and thump of chairs being put back into place and the soft sound of footsteps back and forth, back and forth, living room to pantry, pantry to living room. Elizabeth was taking the dishes into the pantry). She knew so well what the letter would say. If only, she thought they could once really touch—could really understand each other. If they could just once exclaim over the same thing. If Tom would just show a little appreciation for the things that really count.

She flipped open the page and read it through hurriedly: "—you're not a very good letter writer—law office dull—wish I could see you—O'Neill's new play—saw 'Lida'—become disgustingly fat—next year a salary large enough—Oh! Jane, Jane, I saw a maple wood desk, a gem that we—" (down stairs a door slammed a little too precipitantly. Dishes clattered in the sink and there was the fierce hiss of hot water. Elizabeth was impatient). "Damn," said Jane, leaving the maple wood desk for the tea dishes. She ran down stairs "Row, Row, Row your boat," she started humming, "Merrily, Merrily, Merrily, Merrily." That silly tune.

Evening

Upstairs, dressing for dinner Jane was happy. She could not remember why. It was not just that the fog was coming in; shutting out all the world except the black boughs at her window and shutting her in—in this warm humming atmosphere. It was not just the room where her lamp was smoking comfortably on her dresser, making a halo on the ceiling. It was not just all pleasurable and customary sounds of that hour before dinner: the crackle of paper as someone started a fire in the living room; the

dull knock of plates being placed on the table; the click of the latch on a cupboard door and upstairs the sound of water running for a bath. Sometimes, this afternoon, for instance, she had minded hearing all the inside workings of a house as clearly as one might see the inside workings of a watch, the back lifted off, but now they shut her in and enveloped her in their comforting familiarity, like an old wrapper.

But this was not all. She was happy for another reason. She could not remember. It was something more specific. She had that vague sense of a lovely hidden object that she was cherishing in the bottom of her mind, some secret jewel she might uncover. What was it? *That letter* she thought, perhaps it had to do with that letter? She remembered now, it was something about that letter from Tom. It had made her particularly happy. Why was it? Had they finally touched somewhere? Had he shown his appreciation of something she loved? Something they had together—that must be it, she concluded. She turned these things over, one by one, slowly trying them out with that vague feeling of happiness. It was like trying to catch a tune that half runs through one's mind by repeating the first three notes over and over; hoping that the rest of the tune will reconstruct itself in a flash from that beginning. Painstakingly she tried to recall phrases of the letter. Painstakingly she went over her recurring thoughts: something together?—something understood?—something lovely? What could it be?

(Downstairs she could hear Martha's high shaky voice singing as she lit the candles for dinner). Jane turned to blow the powder off the bureau cover and look in the mirror, "Merrily, Merrily, Merrily, Merrily" the tune echoed insanelly through her mind. She was thin, she thought. It was good to be slim and young. "Merrily, Merrily, Merrily—" Suddenly, with a shock of unpleasantness as definitely physical as a bowl smashing at her feet—she remembered—"Lida—disgustingly fat."

The Student South

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

WRITING IN A recent number of *The Forum*, Mr. Donald Davidson of Tennessee makes an unusually thoughtful analysis of the intricate situation in the "New South." Mr. Davidson begins by properly repudiating the point of view which reads the intellectual progress of the late Confederacy in the light of the Dayton trial, fundamentalism, and shallow views of the negro problem; he hints that southern colleges and universities are forces toward liberalism and progress; and he concludes by saying that, since progress in the South is obviously in the hands of the business men, he hopes that the Rotarian mind will not control, but that southern business will somehow fuse the values of the old South with the values of the new. Despite the appearance of whole books on the subject, Mr. Davidson's article seems to me to go further and look deeper than anything else of the kind I have seen.

As to the accuracy of his analysis in the large, I think there can be little doubt. Southern business is in the saddle, and seems destined to remain in the saddle for a long time. Perhaps the situation does not differ from the situation elsewhere in the United States, and, if we substitute the cotton interest for the modern industrial interest, perhaps the present situation does not differ greatly from the ante-bellum culture in the same region. It is, however, in the judgment to be passed on the place which university and college men are to hold in the reshaping of southern civilization that Mr. Davidson's remarks give at least one of his readers pause. How much is to be hoped for the intelligent control of the new industrialism below the famous line, by the alumni and alumnae of southern institutions of learning?

It is to be noted that in the old South the economic order was buttressed by the teachings of southern professors and historians. Readers of Professor Dodd's admirable volume, *The Cotton Kingdom*, will recall how young men flocked to South Carolina to imbibe the theory of slave economics at the feet of the new Gamaliel. It appears also that, what, for want of better terms, we may call the legal minds of the old order brought to the defense of that peculiar institution a theory of government and society. If the economics of slavery had its brilliant defender in Dow, the politics and society of the old order had their ardent proponents in Calhoun, Hayne, Yancy, and the other statesmen of the old school. Indeed, there seems to have been a direct inter-relation between politics, the bar, and the training of students in law and in the liberal arts in ante-bellum days. The most self-contained culture on the American continent had all its parts in working order. Classroom and Congress united to shape the younger generation.

With the collapse of the Confederacy and the poverty of the reconstruction period, southern colleges struggled merely to exist. Gradually, as they recovered their financial equilibrium, they found themselves far behind the educational development of the North. Only in our own day have such institutions as the University of North Carolina, the University of Texas, Vanderbilt University, and one or two other schools come to be counted in the roll call of national universities. It is perhaps significant that nowhere in these, or in other southern institutions of learning, has the study of economics proceeded so far as to offer notable opportunities for advanced training. One goes North for his graduate work in this field. Only

belatedly has the study of sociology come to be an effective force in southern university life, and at that, only in a few schools. Yet it is evident that the South needs now as it needed a hundred years ago, an effective examination of the foundations upon which the industrial system is to be built.

It is of course easy to say that southern industry does not want an effective graduate school of economics—that the activities of such a school are likely to be disturbing to cotton mill owner and industrial magnate. What business wants is technically trained employees, and these they are getting through the multiplication of schools of commerce in that region. Such college men as are now in control of southern business were graduated (if they are alumni of southern colleges) at a time when modern departments of economics and sociology were almost unknown, and necessarily they believe in, and operate under, a laissez faire system of economic life which makes the Harvard or Columbia student rub his eyes in wonder. But I doubt whether there is any sinister control by southern business of southern universities which prevents the growth of economic thought in that region. The situation is far subtler.

One truth—one profound truth—in the general situation is that the southern undergraduate is blankly indifferent alike to economic theory and to the incipient and baffling problems of the new order in the South. It is only natural that he should be so. Typically the product of a small community, typically also the product of an upper middle-class family, he does not know, because he has never seen, such industrial areas as the coal fields of Pennsylvania, the mills of New Jersey, the manufacturing region around the Great Lakes. He cannot envision, for he has neither experience nor data to go on, the possibility that in the future there may be southern industrial areas of the same hideous ugliness, the same raw and gigantic energy. Even if his teachers tell him so, the fact can mean little to him.

Moreover, if he is a bright undergraduate, the reading that he does is a second obstacle to his grasp of the idea that social problems are—social problems. Hewers of mental wood and drawers of intellectual water are the same in all universities; it is of course to the saving remnant that one looks in hope. But the saving remnant is just now suffering from an attack of literary measles. Its literary idols are, or seem to be, Mencken, Cabell, Frances Newman, and—curiously enough—the literature of the eighteen-nineties in Great Britain. From these it is absorbing (if undergraduate literary magazines are evidence) an attitude of cynical indifference toward ethics and sociology. The student is further absorbing the aristocratic doctrine of the same school—the doctrine that most of mankind are boobs, that among the intellectually fit, smartness, cleverness, and a mild Nietzscheanism are the proper accoutrements for your sad young man. Sex and theology, rather than economics and ethics, concern him most, and for all he cares and for all he does, industrialism may swallow up the South. It is inevitable, anyway.

Now there is of course a sense in which undergraduate cynicism is not to be taken very seriously. Cynicism is a normal mark of adolescence. It serves as a chestnut burr to protect the sweet kernel within. But on the other hand one's reading matter is roughly an index of one's interests, and it would seem that southern undergraduates do not care enough in their college days to study the complexities of the industrial civilization which is growing up around them; and that, lacking any such interest in these years, they are not likely to plunge enthusiastically into professional graduate studies of the kind the South apparently needs. If the southern college man before the war was an ardent proponent of the system of slavery, the southern college man is the ardent proponent of no social system whatever. And the prospects for effective leadership in southern civilization, as that leadership might emanate from the colleges, are not very bright. Yet the South seems to many, poorer in effective leadership now than it has ever been!

It is out of this dilemma that southern colleges must somehow find their way. As yet, it would seem, they have not on the whole found any solution. What is even more depressing, there are a good many southern institutions of learning in which the need for awakening an interest in social problems is not even felt. Sheltered behind the liberal arts curriculum, these colleges continue to educate gentlemen and gentlewomen. They frown on Mencken, but they do not substitute anybody half as interesting in his place. And in those schools which are beginning to survey the actualities of life around them, most of the battle for academic freedom is yet to be fought—that is, the right and necessity for universities to investigate economic and social phenomena has in most cases yet to be established. The campaign, when it is fought, will be an absorbing one, but the present collegiate attitude does not seem likely to furnish many recruits. It is possible that a change of literary diet might awaken the old flame of enthusiasm for southern things and themes. It is a hopeful sign that the negro literature of the present awakens a wide interest among southern undergraduates—here at least is one situation in which they are very much alert. But until the hold of Menckanism among the undergraduates is broken, or until it wanes, we cannot look for much forward-going interest in the new South and its problems.

I should like to be more optimistic. But until the intellectual curiosity of southern undergraduates is awakened in fields which are as yet a blank to them, I do not look for much effective leadership from among college graduates in the direction of a far-seeing control of industrial civilization. In the meantime, the mood of indifference which, symbolized in the literary interests of undergraduates as I have noted them, has settled down on southern campuses, seems to me to compel us to mark time until the intellectual weather changes. There are signs of a change. The South ought to hope that such a change will not be too long in coming.

Toward Alumni Education

By KENNETH M. GOULD

"An educated person is not merely one who can do something, whether it is giving a lecture on the poetry of Horace, running a train, trying a lawsuit, or repairing the plumbing. He is also one who knows the significance of what he does, and he is one who cannot and will not do certain things. He has acquired a set of values. He has a 'yes' and a 'no,' and they are his own. He knows why he behaves as he does. He has learned what to prefer, for he has lived in the presence of things that are preferable. . . . He has learned enough about human life on this planet to see his behavior in the light of a body of experience and the relation of his actions to situations as a whole. . . . He is being transformed from an automaton into a thinking being."

THESE WORDS from Everett Dean Martin's *The Meaning of a Liberal Education*, one of the sanest and most stimulating books of our generation, set a high goal for everyone concerned with education, whether within or without the ranks of an organized movement. By such criteria the man who can write A.B. or some other alphabetic symbol after his name may or may not be educated. The cloistered don who spends laborious days in a library alcove is not necessarily educated. Even the physician or the attorney who succeeds in attracting a prosperous clientele may fall sadly short of an integrated personality. And, *per contra*, a carpenter or a pressman, with little of formal training, may so vividly grasp the central meanings of existence as to attain kinship with Socrates, Erasmus, or Huxley. In sum, education is neither prolonged schooling, nor encyclopedic knowledge, nor vocational efficiency, but a critical discrimination, an art of living, a spiritual experience. It is not to be acquired by any sleight-of-hand short-cut; yet anyone can have it who seeks wisdom with a single heart.

As Dr. Edward L. Thorndike has so encouragingly shown, the learning powers of grown-ups, until well past middle age, are quite as effective as those of youth. This crescent faith has been the motive-force for the great mod-

ern religion of adult education. If immigrants, laborers, farmers, bankers, and housewives need education after they have passed beyond the school period, why should it be expected that a large and presumably most fertile group of adults—the graduates of our colleges—should permanently abandon the pursuit of education on Commencement Day? But this has been, all too often, the attitude of American college men and women.

The University of Pittsburgh, like any other large urban university, has a numerous body of alumni of varying cultural and professional attainments. Many of them have felt a need for a closer intimacy with the world of universal and cosmopolitan thought. Many, while undergraduates, were fired with an interest in some by-path of learning distinct from the concrete boulevard by which they earn their daily bread. They have desired some liaison between their detachment and the frontiers of discovery in the arts, literature, science, government, economics, philosophy, and human relations.

Conscious of this gap, the Alumni Council of the University of Pittsburgh last year established a committee on "Alumni Education." The committee has projected a paper program of varied educational services—lectures, syllabi, cooperation with such cognate institutions as the Carnegie Institute and Library, the Allegheny Observatory, etc.; and general moral support of existing cultural agencies. For it believed that to duplicate functions here would be an intellectual sin, and having but limited financial resources, it has perforce directed its efforts to such activities as could be set up with voluntary assistance. Of these, the most immediately profitable seemed a series of "Alumni Reading Lists."

The Faculty, always generous in giving more than the required stint, has served as an ex officio advisory committee, and individual faculty members of distinction have prepared reading lists in their special fields. A leading local department store, the Joseph Horne Company, agreed to finance the entire cost of printing and mailing the lists as good will advertising for its Book Shop. The lists consist of eight-page pamphlets with a brief introduction sketching the background of the field, followed by annotations and bibliographical data on perhaps twenty-five significant books. The books are chosen mainly from those published within the last ten or twenty years, which in most fields has been a revolutionary period of progress. Four lists have been published during the present academic year on the subjects of Modern Painting, International Relations, Child Psychology, and Astronomy. Highly technical works have been avoided in favor of general books that can be read with pleasure and profit by the layman. Such books, for instance, as Elie Faure's *History of Art*, Clive Bell's *Since Cezanne*, Parker T. Moon's *Imperialism*, Harry Elmer Barnes' *The Genesis of the World War*, Smiley and Margaret Blanton's *Child Guidance*, Cyril Burt's *The Young Delinquent*, S. A. Mitchell's *Eclipses of the Sun*, and Harlow Shapley's *The Universe of Stars*, have been introduced to the reader and evaluated in the perspective of their permanent utility. It is planned to publish about six lists a year for the present, on such widely separated and timely subjects as the New Biography, the Business Cycle, Relativity, Contemporary French Literature, Ancient Man, Hygiene of the Human Body, the American Novel, Industrial Chemistry, etc. Material for a lifetime is obviously available in such convenient units without going beyond the domains of the University Faculty.

To gauge the results of such a program lies, of course, in the realm of intangibles. The lists are mailed without charge to all active members of the Alumni Association, numbering nearly five thousand. Letters and comments from individual members indicate an appreciative response. There is, undoubtedly, a large and non-vocal group who are finding the lists helpful in their personal reading. The project has attracted the favorable attention of the American Library Association and the Carnegie Founda-

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The Intercollegiate World

Collective Bargaining Wins

BROOKWOOD—our only labor college of importance—is under fire. Matthew Woll, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor is responsible for the decision of the Executive Council to ask affiliated unions to withdraw their support from the college. The college is being charged with anti-religious and pro-Soviet leanings. But who investigated the institution and upon what evidence the charges are based neither students nor faculty nor board of directors can tell.

Fortunately there was a great deal of protest against this summary action and President William Green has promised Brookwood College that no final action will be taken until members of the Executive Council have had "ample opportunity to acquaint themselves with the protests filed." We are happy to find Mr. Green so easily won over to the principle of collective bargaining. Autocratic control of the intellectual life would seem to be the furthest from labor's policy, judging from the fact that the laboring man continually fights against monopoly in distribution of the material benefits of life. A labor college should indeed be a model of democracy in education, especially since labor often suffers an intellectual eclipse in the regular colleges. Brookwood has during the seven years of its life been such a democratic college. Faculty and students share in the school's government; all points of view are given a hearing, and it has been inevitable that a few Communists should be found within Brookwood's walls. It will be unfortunate if this freedom is curtailed. A Brookwood under the thumb of a Matthew Woll will be of no more significance to true education than a public utility course at the University of Pennsylvania.

A Feudal College

WHILE we are on the subject of academic freedom, the case of the College of the City of New York should be mentioned. There a vigorous group of young Communists has been opposing military drill (which, by the way, was abolished last spring as the result of years of student agitation). These students differed from most active opponents of college conscription by opposing military drill because it was carried on in behalf of an imperialistic army and not on the grounds of pacifism. The story, according to a *New Student* correspondent, follows:

"The students supported the Communist leaders. The administration retaliated at the beginning of last year by suspending two students. That only roused the fighting spirit of the campus and the two students were re-admitted. The administration countered by declaring that Simon Gerson, Communist and president of the Social Problems Club, must refrain from all extra-curricular activities—which meant that he must no longer be president of the club, and must give up the fight against militarism. At a large meeting the students unanimously supported Gerson and urged that he retain his office, which he did.

"Followed a period of silence from the administration. June examinations came and Gerson, who is a good student, completed all the examinations but one. On the eve of his final examination he received a telegram summoning him to a faculty-meeting. There he was summarily dismissed from the college on the ground that he had failed to obey the orders of President Robinson. He was also not admitted to his last examination, which meant that he would receive no credit for the year's work.

"That night leaflets were printed and distributed. About 150 students attended the meeting at the flagpole on the C. C. N. Y. campus. A half dozen of President Robinson's right hand men also appeared. 'Stop speaking and disperse,' the order came. Gerson continued to speak. Faculty pencils wrote down the names of the students present. One of the profs pulled Gerson from the platform. The meeting was disbanded. Hank Rosner, not a Com-

munist, star football player and chairman of the protest meeting was indefinitely suspended.

"Simon Gerson and Hank Rosner are applying for readmission as the new term opens.

"Indications are that there will be a militant fight as the term opens, when Gerson and Rosner will apply for admission. The student body has been thoroughly aroused, and as the undergraduates return to their studies and autumn football they have a basic struggle awaiting them. Will Gerson and Rosner continue with their studies and their anti-military activities or will President Robinson continue to fire radicals and uphold the R. O. T. C.? Have the Communists a right to be students in bourgeois institutions? Have they a right to organize and express their views on the campus? Only the student body can answer these questions. The eyes of the radical and liberal sections of the student body all over the country are fixed on the campus of the C. C. N. Y."

There will appear on the ballots of most states this fall Communist electors for a Communist presidential candidate. Communist speakers will be permitted to speak on our street corners and in halls. Let the officials of this city college acquaint themselves with what is going on outside their feudal precincts and then explain if they can why a citizen's rights must be suspended when he goes to college.

Balaams?

IN THE closing issue of *The New Student* last spring I was an appeal to the colleges and universities that accepted tainted money from the power utilities to prove that their prestige was not for sale. As might be expected, there was no response from the president of Harvard or from the many other institutions that have taken of the funds calculated to "educate" the young people of America to the unsoundness of public ownership of light and power utilities.

One interesting point was raised in the last days of the Federal Trade Commission's inquiry into the dubious propagandistic activities of the power trust. Mr. Josiah T. Newcomb, counsel for the public utilities raised the cry of freedom of speech in behalf of his clients, saying that "It has been necessary to offset the activities of professional advocates of the nationalization of industry whose program has usually been to begin with the utilities." The League for Industrial Democracy, he says, is incessantly preaching public ownership to student audiences.

Said Mr. Henry D. Wells, president of the Massachusetts Department of Public Utilities:

"It is an interesting situation when some of the staunchest advocates of free speech are attempting, by means of investigation, to give out the idea that this great and useful industry has no right to protect itself by free speech.

"It is also interesting when advocates of municipal or government ownership can argue orally, or by written articles in newspapers and magazines, and can even be found in the schools and colleges teaching the youth of the land the advantages of such a doctrine, yet would deny the electric industry the same privilege. In one case it is called educational and in the other propaganda."

No one is objecting to legitimate propaganda, despite Mr. Newcomb's and Mr. Wells' complaints. As *The New York World* said, "If the utilities merely organized open forums to present the case for private industry as against public ownership and raised funds by popular subscription to pay their speakers, their activities would be comparable to the case Mr. Newcomb cites." But the public utilities did more than this. Just as they wrote veiled propaganda that was printed as news and editorials by scores of country editors—"God's fools," a press agent of the power trust contemptuously called them—so they tried to have textbooks altered and they put their words into the mouths of teachers, even, as another press agent cynically put it, as Jehovah put words into Balaam's mouth.

Are the professors as simple-minded as God's fools, the small town editors? Or are they cynical loudspeakers for this omnipotent Jehovah? Here is a problem that should engage some of these public utility students whose education has been so bountifully provided for.

Treacle and Mush

THERE are demagogues on the college lecture platform as well as on the political stump. At Yale University, scene of the well advertised Tunney lecture on Shakespeare, an undergraduate has written a vigorous article for the *Lit* on the demagogues of the English department. He says:

"With the twentieth century and the gold rush for higher education, the greatly increased non-academic students, who represented the driving force of America—the intellectual but powerful middle classes—began to influence and mold the weaker academic forces, which represented only a European culture that had never been wholly vital on this side of the Atlantic. From this period dates the ascendancy of English in the curriculum, an ascendancy that was caused by the fact that more than any other subject it was able to be taught in a manner attractive to the student. Literature being an art, it is comparatively easy for the professors to dodge the facts therein and play up the more exciting romantic aspect of the subject. Thus, better than the rest, the subject of English fitted in with the progress from a rational, impersonal, largely factual presentation towards a more personal, emotional, and vaguely cultural presentation—a progress which was inevitable if the curriculum was to be 'sold' to the students, since the most effective way to 'sell' a subject is to soft-pedal the intellectual aspect, pull out the vox humana, and unroll the American flag. English, in fact, almost sells itself: the teacher merely turns the faucet and the treacle and mush come gushing forth. The time has come, however, to examine with some care the highly developed sales technique of our leading vendors of English, to snip off with the shears of reason a few of the wildly waving locks of our romantic Samson.

"The basis of the present method of teaching English at Yale is an appeal to the emotions rather than to reason. The structure which has been reared on this foundation is a gorgeous, cloud-capped vision of loveliness, perhaps, but I cannot help wondering in my prosaic way if the house is builded on rock or on sand. In an effort to discover just what are the underpinnings of this Prospero's palace, I have lately asked a good many of our English teachers what they consider the goal of their teaching. The answer, differently phrased each time but always the same in essence, has been, 'the stimulation of interest in the subject.' How ever plausible at first glance this may sound, on closer examination certain serious weaknesses appear. The dictionary defines 'stimulant' as 'an excitant or intoxicant.' It is much easier to excite, intoxicate, or stimulate a group of people through an appeal to their emotions than through an appeal to their intellects—it makes no essential difference whether the subject about which one is exciting them is English or mother love. It being, then, easier to stimulate through the emotions, and the acknowledged aim of our teachers of English being the stimulation of interest, does it not follow that the teaching methods in English will rely mainly on the emotional appeal? One has only to consider the most popular English teachers now at Yale to realize that this final step, which proceeds logically from the 'stimulating' fallacy, has been taken."

Injudicious Attack

DURING the past ten years there have been many attempts to reform educational practice in the colleges. Some of them have been good, some bad; some the nostrums of educational quacks, others the honest fruit of sincere discontent with prevailing methods. There is a great need to winnow out the good from the bad, and in the process a great deal of deflation will have to take place. In the meantime it is a great disservice to education to lump these experiments together and label them all as trash. Yet this is what Professor William Bennett Munro of Harvard does in an article in the September *Harpers* entitled "Quack-Doctoring the College."

One suspects that Dr. Munro sat down to do vengeance on the whole school of educational reform after having been victimized by one of those educational questionnaires that propose to cure everything by questions. That is the only explanation for such an outburst. We hasten through a flippant and indiscriminating examination of educational reforms of varying worth to discover. Dr. Munro's own point of view on education at the end of the article. There he writes: "It is men, not methods or measures that determine whether a college shall be first-rate or second-class." We wonder whether Dr. Munro would willingly revert to the Harvard of pre-Eliot days in the confidence that sterling men would render nugatory those antiquated methods and measures of more than sixty years ago.

Small Talk

PRESIDENT HOPKINS of Dartmouth in his opening address of the fall college term deplors the prevalence of political small talk. "Temperaments," he says, "personal habits, domestic relationships, racial antecedents, religious affiliations and even physical appearance are discussed for hours, usually falsely and always cheaply, unworthy of the limited intelligence of those participating in the discussion."

More than ever before, prejudices and hates are going to figure in this campaign, perhaps even determining it, and it is encouraging to find a college president who recognizes and deplores this. The most dreary aspect of the whole situation, however, is that men in frock coats and with strings of degrees attached to their names are not averse to spreading this petty propaganda and climbing to power through its use. They did it in other campaigns and they are doing it again. Did not Charles Evans Hughes (space forbids enumerating his degrees) make a series of speeches in behalf of President Coolidge in 1924, directed against the late Senator La Follette, and calculated to lull the intelligences of the voters and fan in their hearts an unreasoning fear of the "red menace"? The morning paper is not without its modern instance. Bishop Cannon of the legislative committee of the Anti-Saloon League has four degrees from important universities, yet the fact does not deter him from leading an organization which has just now announced that Al Smith must be kept out of the presidency because he is an enemy of this "Anglo-Saxon, Protestant" country.

Partiality and prejudice enter into more spheres than the political, as the *New York Times* warns Dr. Hopkins. "Even in the bosoms of college trustees and faculties they are sometimes felt and sometimes have prevailed when a president or a professor is to be selected." And when the college president wanders into politics he often is no less free from emotion than the ranting parsons of the Protestant churches today. There is the horrid example of President Dwight of Yale who travelled up and down the country warning of dire things that would happen when and if Thomas Jefferson became president. No woman in New England, he predicted, would be safe. Bibles would be burned by executive order.

It seems that the college educated have their special lesson to learn, as well as the unlettered small-talkers. And it is this: Be unbiased—and be humble.

A Student International

WITH ALL THE stir about international accord through the peace pacts and arms limitation few people have heard about international good-will through co-operation between students of the United States and of Europe, which became closer than ever this summer. The National Student Federation, organized at Princeton in 1925 and now representing more than two hundred colleges and universities in the Nation, sent its delegates this summer to the tenth annual conference of the *Confederation Internationale des Etudiants*.

This *Confederation* was founded at Strasbourg in 1919 and it has grown in the intervening years to embrace the student bodies of forty-eight nations. South Africans, New Zealanders, Filipino and Chinese students were among the 1,400 who gathered at the Sorbonne on August 10 for the annual oiling of their machinery of international intercourse.

It needs only a recital of the agenda of this conference to indicate what busy men and women these students are: determination of international norms of measurement for scholastic degrees; the creation of university archives to house an international exchange of books, publications and of scientific and technical films; to arrange for the securing of special student rates on steamships and railroads; the exchange of information concerning the launching of investigations into the feasibility of building student

dormitories and restaurants, the management of an international sanitarium for students, and, finally the organization of international athletic meets to be held concurrently with the annual conferences.

Student travel, for pleasure and for study, receives major emphasis. The National Student Federation of America has already issued over one thousand student identity cards. These highly useful cards are granted to students — graduate or undergraduate — of accredited American universities and they entitle the holder to visa reductions, and in some cases free visas in Europe. They also serve as introductions to European students and often secure for the bearer reduced transportation rates. The practice of exchange scholarships is very common in Europe. It is a common practice for an Englishman desiring to study in Germany to exchange homes with a German who wishes to study in England.

In America the students have just begun to provide for their common welfare. To the average student on the average campus the initials N.S.F.A. are as yet meaningless. The Federation officials have come back from Paris, however, with plans for strengthening the body through added responsibilities. This year the N.S.F.A. has undertaken to supervise international debate, which has become a permanent and growing institution here. A team from Oxford will tour the country, and another representing the British Union of Students. This latter team has the distinction of being the first international women's debate team to come from these isles which have so stubbornly resisted the encroachments of women upon the universities.

Peace Seekers Abroad

IF IT IS a step towards peace to realize fully the vast gulfs in temperament and habits of thought that separate peoples of the different nations, then the World Youth Peace Conference that was recently attended by five hundred young people, in Holland, was a complete success. These youths had met to set up international machinery for bringing about peace. They went back to their respective nations without an organization but with a lively impression of how difficult it is to agree internationally.

To the Americans the Germans were almost incomprehensible, with their interminable debates on every subject under the sun. To the Europeans American efficiency, when applied to time allotted for speech-making, was an abomination. Added to these differences of temperament were the clashes between Communists and non-Communists. The Communists came prepared on every point of the conference. They had on the tip of the tongue the exact text of the gospel according to St. Marx and St. Lenin with reference to all the questions of peace, and they refused to depart one jot from the letter or the spirit of that revelation.

Some progress was made, despite the difficulties. A resolution enjoining absolute "non-violence" was defeated. Another proclaiming solidarity with oppressed nationalities and with the working classes was accepted.

For College Voters

COLLEGE STUDENTS who wish to vote this fall are advised to acquaint themselves with the laws governing absentee voting in their state well before election time. In 1924 many such students were deprived of their franchise through ignorance and, as this election promises to evoke more college interest than any recent ones, it is very likely that many will discover at the last minute that they cannot vote. Very often the political opinions of town are at variance with those of gown and the student who does not come to the polls armed with a thorough knowledge of his rights loses his vote.

Studies of the laws affecting the absentee voter have been made by Simon Michelet of the National Get-Out-the-Vote Club and by Helen M. Rocca, secretary of political education of the League of Women Voters and inquiries

addressed to the national offices at Washington will no doubt be promptly answered. According to the *Christian Science Monitor* thousands of college students who considered their votes lost on account of their inability to register in person may learn how to vote from these organizations. Many states have recently altered their election laws to facilitate absentee voting and these organizations have all the latest changes.

FOR a concise digest of the platforms of the seven political parties whose candidates are in the field, that issued as a special supplement to the October *World Tomorrow* is recommended. It contains a brief history of each party and it is strictly non-partisan. *The World Tomorrow* is published at 347 Madison Avenue, New York.

Learning Through Labor

STUDENTS who labored in America's industries during the summer will meet in October to digest and compare their excursions into the life of labor. One conference is to be held at Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana, on October 19; another at Brookwood Labor College, at Katonah, New York, on the twenty-eighth. The conferences are being held by a group of co-operating organizations, under the leadership of James Myers of the Federal Council of Churches of America.

Geographically this movement of students into industry covered the principal cities from New York to Denver and from the Great Lakes to the Rio Grande while physically and mentally it ran the gamut of the experiences of those who work with their hands. Job-hunting was one of the most vivid experiences of all the students, for unemployment is prevalent everywhere. At Houston the students worked at three different jobs in as many weeks. And when jobs were found they were not of the best. In Houston one boy was held at his work, without a pause for supper, until one o'clock in the morning. A girl fainted after a few hour's labor in a laundry. Another worked nineteen days without a day of rest. In the Ford factory a student found the "speeding up" process almost unbearable. Nor did he relish the 15-minute period allotted for lunch.

In Detroit the largest group was at work. It was composed of fifty students from nineteen colleges and universities. Wherever the students worked they always sought to meet with their fellows periodically to report on their work and compare observations.

What this unique method of studying American industry at first hand means to those who participate is revealed by Arthur P. Clow, Dartmouth '29: "Its educational contribution is important. It is a practical course in the realities of life and has not been limited in its scope. Psychology becomes related to certain cases to be studied. Sociology, of course, becomes more real when one is thrown so closely into contact with the problems which one finds in text-books. I might go on through the various subjects studied in college and show how this experience in the Bowery is giving me a new slant on each."

A Hitch in Hiking

NEW JERSEY has legislated against hitch-hiking. A traffic law went into effect on September 1 making it an offense for anyone either to ask for or to offer a ride on the open highways of that state. This is bad news for the hundreds of college students who are accustomed to pass through New Jersey on their cross-country hiking trips. And it is handwriting on the wall for hitch-hikers in all parts of the country, for it points to similar legislation elsewhere as the evil practices of thugs and highwaymen masked as hikers become intolerable. There was a happy time when it was possible to make one's three hundred miles a day without encountering more than the average amount of snubs from the long distance

motorists anywhere in the country. But now drivers scrutinize the hiker with care before accepting him, or else whizz by, busily and pointedly engaged in looking elsewhere. And one does not blame them. In many cases their hospitality has cost them their pocketbook when they mistook a thug for a college student on vacation. Yet it is a pity that this method of free and speedy transportation is passing, as indeed it seems to be. The thousands of young men, and women, who satisfied their wanderlust so inexpensively will have to suffer because of a handful of highwaymen.

The Windmill

When Parallels Meet

"Smith is the Franklin Pierce and Hoover is the Winfield Scott of this campaign," thunders the *New Leader*, and *Windmill* is forcibly reminded once more of one unusual aspect of this unusual campaign. It is to a great degree a battle of the history books.

In previous campaigns it has been sufficient for a spell-binder to toss his arms aloft and refer with emphatic vagueness to the glorious pur-r-rin-ciples of Jefferson and the deathless legacy of Lincoln. But that will not pass this year. If your opponent for the office of Justice of Peace calls you the Aaron Burr of West Athens you must be prepared to brand him as the James K. Polk of South Street. The historic parallel may become the most deadly weapon in politics.

The Democratic Party is guilty of having loosed the historical lions when it selected Claude Bowers for the keynote speech at Houston. At Kansas City the Republicans had innocently dusted off the old stencil about the party of Hamilton little dreaming of what was in store for them. Poor Alexander got his worst drubbing at the hands of Historian Bowers. Jefferson was given a rousing endorsement and Jackson's foes were administered merited castigation. After Bowers had finished, the perspiring delegates weren't quite sure whether they were expected to gird up their loins for the battle of 1928 or for the party battles of the Jackson period. When the applause was over one paunchy and gin-perfumed delegate from a Cincinnati district wanted to bet the first Republican he saw that John Quincy Adams wouldn't carry one state outside of Vermont and Utah.

History is in the process of repeating itself, the party historians are telling us. The Democrats say that the issue is between the common man and a dishonest plutocracy which legislates selfishly for its own benefit. The Republicans pronounce the issue to be between Hamilton's financial statesmanship, come to earth in the person of Andy Mellon, and the traditionally unsound economic panaceas of the Democrats.

As *Windmill* ponders these historic parallels a headline on the front page of the *Evening Sunpostworldjournal* catches his eye. It says:

LIFELONG DEMOCRAT TO VOTE
FOR HOOVER
Pledges \$1,000,000 To
G. O. P. Chest.

On the opposite side of the page a screamer announces:
UNION LEAGUER FOR AL
Says He Will Give \$999,999 To
Democrats.

At this point *Windmill* sleepily fumbles for the dial and tunes in on his usual nine o'clock bedtime story.

WHEN JOHN COOLIDGE went job-hunting this fall there were dozens of business houses willing to outbid each other for the young college graduate. But, alas, there are hundreds of worthy young men just as capable as John who must blush unseen and underpaid for a long time to come before the world is brought around to a recognition of their sterling qualities.

A recent answer to this perennial complaint is, advertise. One young man has shown the way by placing a conspicuous advertisement in a New York paper, that reads as follows:

Portrait of an Able Young Man

Employers, who lament the lassitude of young men of today toward their work, will be interested in this young man. His aim, above all, is to succeed at his job. He has demonstrated a willingness to work long hours until a task is completed. He plays golf as an avocation, and does not confuse the meaning of that word with vocation. He has ideas and does not get physically exhausted in conceiving them. He combines a sense of loyalty, steadfastness of purpose, pep, and ambition.

His experience includes four years of sales and sales promotion. He is now employed, but seeks a new and enlarged opportunity in sales work.

College graduate with some legal training, twenty-six years of age, single, Christian, in excellent health.

Within ten years every college will be compelling its seniors to take a course in the technicalities of writing advertising copy and preparing layouts, in order to advertise their own merits. Just as every college of one hundred years ago compelled its seniors to take a course in "christian apologetics" to save the student's soul for the next world, so the college of the future will prepare its graduates for the modern kingdom of heaven. *Windmill* thrills at the possibilities of this personal form of advertising. A fresh consignment of graduates will be announced on billboards as "Students from Contented Colleges." Here are some more slogans that occur to *Windmill* offhand: "Not a Caitiff in a Carload"; Harvard Men: Constant Improvement—No Yearly Models."

Vacancy

NOW the sun is slowly sinking
In a picture-postcard sky,
And I sit here, tritely thinking,
What am I?

Thinking of the endless riddle
Of the living and the dead,
Squashing guats upon the middle
Of my head.

Erik Barnouw.

A Column of Cant

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE (from a speech at the 1925 convention of the National Electric Light Association): "No matter what your political principles are, no matter what your ethical standards are, you who sell the juice, you who think you are mere peddlers of service are mistaken.

"You are something more, something mysteriously controlled, some part of the great ethical forces which are binding modern civilization into a great spiritual fraternity.

"You are selling, no matter what your notions of salesmanship, altruism, brotherhood, the coming of a new and finer era in this cold world."

GOVERNOR ALVIN T. FULLER, of Massachusetts: "Education is becoming more widespread. A very heavy responsibility rests upon the individual citizen in every self-governing modern state. He owes it to himself to take every advantage of these educational opportunities, whether for youth or for adults which his community offers, to inform himself candidly and as thoroughly as may be upon those questions which require immediate answer and to hold himself free from bigotry, intolerance, and lust for persecution, which unhappily still linger, and from time to time still manifest themselves with barbaric and much more than medieval ferocity."

REV. DR. JOHN ROACH STRATON: "There is no prejudice in my heart, God knows."

Political Practicality

By NEWTON ARVIN

HERE ARE four books on the basis of which a detached and uncommitted observer might well arrive at an informed judgment of the two men who, at the moment, seem to embody most effectively the practical purposes of our political life. Herbert Hoover and Al Smith!—the new hope of the Republican Party and the successor to Woodrow Wilson as the standard bearer of the Democracy: it is a combination about which only the most tranquilly indifferent can afford to refrain from forming some opinion. For in practice it is upon one or the other of these men that the civil leadership of America will for the next four years devolve, and at this point it is a kind of duty to inquire what claims they have to this inevitable leadership. Their qualifications as mere executives we can accept as demonstrated: something more than this it is surely not unreasonable to demand of men who aspire to so high and historic an office as the presidency. Whatever may be the attitude of the mere politician or the mere indifferentist, the attitude of an interested spectator must be a quasi-philosophical one; he will find himself asking, What views have these men, not only about the mechanics of our life, but about its values? Do they have, in addition to their immediate policies, any implied or explicit theories as to the ultimate purpose of social living; and if so, are those theories serious and generally valid or not? Leadership in the long run is a matter of morals, not of machinery; and a definition of the good life must be exacted of the statesman as truly as of the ethical expert. In this connection, what have Herbert Hoover and Al Smith to say to our times?

Fortunately, the two men have both said and done enough to give us an adequate clue to their philosophies. With both of them, the word and the deed have hung together with beautiful congruity. To turn from Mr. Irwin's temperate and engaging biography of Mr. Hoover¹ to Mr. Hoover's own little book on American individualism² is to turn from the example to the precept. The Hoover who reorganized undergraduate activities at Leland Stanford, who became one of the foremost mining engineers in the world, who administered the Commission for Relief in Belgium and the American Food Administration, and who made the Department of Commerce perhaps the most effective branch of the national executive, is the Hoover who writes: "It is unnecessary to recount the values of economic individualism in stimulation to invention; large constructive vision; intensity in production with decreased physi-

¹HERBERT HOOVER: A Reminiscent Biography by Will Irwin. The Century Company. 1928. \$3.00.

²AMERICAN INDIVIDUALISM by Herbert Hoover. Doubleday Page & Co. 1923. \$1.00.

cal effort; our increased standards of living and comfort." We have the performance and the purpose to judge by, and in their light we may say that Mr. Hoover represents the virtual breakdown of the old economic individualism and the quasi-scientific worship of efficiency that, almost from the beginning, has gone hand in hand with it. Of that system his career is the fine flower, and, contemplating it, we may see with transparent clarity how utterly empty it is of human significance. Mr. Hoover is the perfect instrumentalist. Over the means by which any task, no matter how arduous, may be accomplished, he would seem to have confident control; for judging the ultimate value of any task he would seem to have no capacity at all.

His indifference to ends, his absorption in methods, were demonstrated early in his career, when, as an undergraduate at Leland Stanford, he brought about a reform in the whole conduct of extra-curricular student activities, centralizing, systematizing, and standardizing them. No doubt this was a praiseworthy achievement; but it was discouragingly unaccompanied by any speculation on Hoover's part as to whether these activities themselves were momentous, fruitful, or significant. Granted that they may have been, a man of another school would at least have challenged them. Such a challenge Mr. Hoover has never issued to any of the accepted values of our society. As the chief agent in rescuing Belgium from one of the hideous dangers of modern war—a monumental performance in technology—he had as good an opportunity as was given to any man to observe the evils of romantic nationalism, of secret diplomacy, and of militarism. These evils, so far as his conduct or his language suggest, he accepts as inevitable and immitigable. The system that makes them necessary he has no disposition to criticize. So it has been with his work as Secretary of Commerce. If Mr. Irwin's story is no more than the literal truth, Mr. Hoover has worked wonders, by advice and consultation, in eliminating waste in industry and distribution, in facilitating exchange, in standardizing the sizes of paving-brick and reducing the number of bed-sizes from seventy-four to four. But has he indicated by a single word that he envisages imaginatively a way of life for human beings in which the time and effort thus economized may be turned to positive and creative uses? Has he any scale of human values in relation to which these mechanistic manipulations might take on substantial meaning? The answer is only too easily predictable.

Thirty years or so ago, Mr. H. G. Wells gave voice to a hopeful belief that the salvation of our muddled industrial world lay in a new order of trained and expert minds, in those whom he liked to call quite simply, the engineers. At that time there seemed certainly much to hope from men who could think realistically, unsentimentally, expertly, "scientifically." If at this hour, however, any man still supposes that efficiency can be sub-

stituted for the criticism of ends, that methods can be made to replace values, he should be pressed to consider as searchingly as possible the mind of Herbert Hoover. Let us have the engineer by all means—but let us not mistake him for the prophet.

The question, when we come to Al Smith, takes on a somewhat different aspect. The man himself is manifestly so much more humane than the other, so much warmer, so much more enlivened by something like imagination, that one feels, in reading his life¹ and studying his speeches,² as if one were moving in a different world from that of canonized efficiency. And indeed, within certain limits, the world of Al Smith is a different world from that of Herbert Hoover. If Hoover represents the protraction into our period of the ideology of economic individualism, Al Smith represents the surviving ideology of equalitarian liberalism—a richer and finer tradition. The one man is to be visualized most truthfully in persuading industrialists to standardize the size of paving-bricks, the other in vetoing the repressive Lusk Laws or democratizing the control of water-power or fighting the plutocrats of his state in their attempt to monopolize the natural beauty that should be made accessible to all the citizens by a state system of parks. No political leader of our time has taken more seriously, or applied more courageously, the theories associated, in one way or another, with the names of Thomas Jefferson, John Stuart Mill, and Woodrow Wilson: in other words, above all other American public figures, Al Smith is the perfect liberal. It is eloquent of the vitality inherent in the old liberalist philosophy, that his career should seem as full of meaning, as energetic, as fruitful of good results, as it surely does.

Nevertheless, from the point of view of our own needs, the liberalism of Al Smith is only a little to be preferred to the individualism of Herbert Hoover. The mere elimination of waste, the mere perfection of method, are far from being ends in themselves; but surely the same thing is to be said of mere freedom of opinion, mere democratic activity, mere systematic liberation. The real question, it should go without saying, is the question, What is to be the content of a social life thoroughly democratized and freed from artificial restraints? What are men and women to do with their social and political freedom? On this head, on the question of essential values, Al Smith has been as silent as Herbert Hoover. In his way, he too has been preoccupied with methods and indifferent to ends. His career as a politician has been a daily tribute to his passion for legislative

¹UP FROM THE CITY STREETS: Alfred E. Smith. A Biographical Study In Contemporary Politics. By Norman Hapgood and Henry Moskowitz. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. \$2.50.

²PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY: Addresses and State Papers of Alfred E. Smith. Edited by Henry Moskowitz. Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928. \$3.00.

activity, for executive efficiency and thrift, for the whole intricate play of democratic machinery. The earnestness with which he fought for and achieved the reorganization of the New York State executive department is really but little removed from the earnestness with which Mr. Hoover has reorganized the Department of Commerce. The ideals of industrialism and of democracy Al Smith has never dreamed of questioning. How studiously his thinking has worked upon the surface, is evident whenever he generalizes about fundamentals. In such statements as the following, is it a first-rate leader who speaks? "We are all stockholders in the great corporation of the United States." "The duty and opportunity of the Democratic Party is the restoration of popular government." "We live in a government of laws, and not of men, and when we speak of the great power of the government we speak of that power under the law." "The cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy." On grounds so unreal as these, Mr. Hoover and Al Smith could doubtless unite with no distress.

Even when the two men take issue with each other in what seems the sharpest way, it is not clear that we can follow either of them as more than a shallow thinker. Mr. Hoover is in favor of prohibition, and certainly sincere about it; Al Smith is opposed to it with still less ambiguous sincerity. Mr. Hoover's dryness is in harmony with his passion for efficiency at all costs; alcoholism, as a menace to efficiency, he very characteristically deplores. Al Smith's wetness is in harmony with his passion for personal liberty at all costs; it is exclusively as repressive legislation that he has always regarded prohibition. Neither man, to judge from anything he has said, has any philosophy in the light of which the use of alcohol might be made to fit into the scheme of a humane and rounded life. Their pronouncements on the subject are thus almost equally superficial.

To the realistic, the genuinely "practical" mind, therefore, the whole contest in which we are being engaged has a quality of radical meaninglessness. Mr. Hoover and Al Smith, it is true, are exactly the types of men generally thought of as intensely practical; but their practicality is of course a humbug. The only ends worth serving in the long run are tangible, personal, moral ends; and they can be served only by men who have a tight grasp on the facts of individual experience—emotion, thought, play, creative activity, human relations, and the like. Such a grasp is denied to men who have ignored the problems of personality in their preoccupation with such relatively abstract problems as those of machinery and technique. They may save time, but they will not know how to use it. They may eliminate one kind of waste, but only to give room to another. They may preserve every traditional liberty intact, but they will not understand the values that lie beyond liberty. From such men, it is idle to hope for more than a skillful imitation of leadership.

The Training of a Liberal

IN THE EARLY autumn of 1871 a slight and somewhat clumsy lad in a shawl—part of the proper masculine apparel of the period—drove into the campus of a backwoods southern denominational college seated in a buggy behind a rather stodgy horse. Sometime later there was a furore beneath a dormitory window, uproarious laughter, and sounds of a very real scrimmage. An attempt had been made to blindfold the new boy and make him walk on all fours while the bystanders spanked him vigorously with a clapboard. A student explained the commotion: "He wouldn't take it. He fought like a tiger. He knocked one of the boys down."

Walter Hines Page, later editor of the staid *Atlantic*, member of a great publishing firm, and American ambassador to the Court of St. James, had arrived at Trinity College, the present Duke University. . . . It starts, you see, like a Horatio Alger story. But Walter Hines Page was no Alger hero.

Three educational institutions enrolled Walter Page—Trinity College in North Carolina, Randolph-Macon in Virginia, and Johns Hopkins in Maryland, a program of study topped off by some months in a German university. And all these places found in Page a young man of quick intelligence, eager for new experience, and, most important of all, a lad always and eternally thinking for himself. The same spirit which made him refuse to bow to the hazers at Trinity made him refuse to accept thoughtlessly *ex cathedra* dicta from his professors. Somewhat of this same spirit it was, Hendrick reports tradition as saying, which caused young Page to leave Trinity for Randolph-Macon. Rumor, at least, chronicles that Page had clashed with Braxton Craven the individualistic president of the North Carolina college. At any rate once at the Virginia college the young man unfolded rapidly under the genial influence of freer thought, more modern religious doctrine, and greater political tolerance. Page's experience here is the experience which makes every student happy when he meets it—the intimate acquaintance of a rare and scholarly professor. No commencement oratory that I have heard in years pays such eloquent tribute to the influence of the enriching quality of real education as do those pages of Hendrick's book¹ which report young Page's ripening under the glowing sun of a great teacher—Thomas Randolph Price, professor of English and Greek at Randolph-Macon. And to Price the youthful Page was "a young scholar of extraordinary promise." Price, and the encouragement he gave Page, sent the young man off to the Hopkins as one of the first fellows when that institution opened its doors. Here he read Greek and rebelled at the mechanics of pedantry even while he revelled again in a great teacher—"Saint Basil [Gildersleeve] of Baltimore."

What sort of an education did Page bring away from these institutions? First of all, I should say, that best of all educations which comes through rare personalities—Price and Chamberlayne at Randolph-Macon, Gildersleeve at the Hopkins. Next he seems always to have gathered about him in these institutions a few kindred spirits keenly alive to the America of his day and possessed of the finer sensibilities which made them sensitive to values both in life and in art. His education was progressive—from fundamentalism and bias at the early Trinity, to liberalism at Randolph-Macon, and finally to honest intellectual idealism at the Hopkins. Always the young man proved intellectually curious as to religion, books, citizenship, and country. Then, even more perhaps than today, was the youth at college forced for himself to decide between the advance of science and the conservative orthodoxy of home circles. And Page always chose with but two values in mind—his courage and his intelligence.

For formal scholarship which delighted in classifications

¹THE TRAINING OF AN AMERICAN—The Earlier Life and Letters of Walter H. Page (1856-1913) by Burton J. Hendrick. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.00.

and names, Page cared little. Except for Gilman and Gildersleeve, life at the Hopkins irritated him.

"I have had placed, not in books and tales, but right before my eyes," he writes, "the manner of life of the professional German student. It would perhaps not seem so shocking a thing in Germany; but that it should be here in a Southern city is to me at least unnatural. Deliver me from such a life! These men know the classics, to be sure, better than any other men. But they read Homer to catalogue the grammatical peculiarities; they see nothing in Sappho but forms of grammar!"

Of one of these pedants he remarked: "He can make dictionaries but can no more appreciate the soul beauties of literature than a piano manufacturer can appreciate Wagner. . . . Any honest way of living that I can think of is preferable to it."

His letters are full of this distaste for scholarship *per se*. But Page was more than a mere rebel. He did not stop with damning pedantry as so many disgruntled students do. He made a positive effort to get what he knew was there for him in his education. . . . "The good and the growth that a man gets by contact with Hellenism—that and that alone drove me. . . . I manage to steal much time to read generally in fine literature. I can never lay Tennyson aside. Shelley, too, I am enjoying at intervals that I wish were not so far apart. I am going to begin on Italian now. I have joined a class to read Dante. That will take much of the time I had hoped to put to some French and German poetry, but I can't do all things at once. Just now, too, I am enjoying Homer." This persistent intellectual curiosity was, I take it from this biography, the chief distinguishing characteristic marking young Walter Page from the ruck of students. Education for Page meant, as Hendrick says: "not an addition to his capital for piling up success, but merely the machinery for the expansion of his own spirit. He started life with no equipment—except the equipment of a trained mind, stocked with a few ideas."

And yet this very education proved in more ways than one might suspect to be the father of the man. From an atmosphere of sectionalism and party bias, Page lived to devote much of his life to a fight on sectionalism and political chicanery. From old Braxton Craven at Trinity he learned well at least one lesson—the responsibility of the state to educate its youth; and his later life was one persistent effort to bring popular education to his native North Carolina in particular and to his South in general. At Trinity, too, he garnered the significance of a combination of the practical with the ideal. From Randolph-Macon he carried away liberal views in religion and politics and a love of Hellenism and clear thinking and clear writing which marked his work as an editor. His enthusiastic love for English literature—Shakespeare in particular—may more than likely have been at the root of his success in dealing with the English as America's war ambassador at St. James. If Hendrick's biography shows us, as I believe it does, the steps in the education of a liberal, it also sets forth most convincingly the significance of that liberal education in a man's future service to society. The book should be of real significance to any thoughtful student in an American educational institution today.

Addison Hibbard.

A Child of Bolshevikia

ACTUAL living has a certain zest and intimacy—an under-the-skin quality that is prone to escape the observation of a historian or an economist. Periods of social unrest and basic upheaval project major changes, disclose indications of a future society. These promises of the future are so omnipotent, so engulfing of the will and desire of people that for once man loses his preoccupation with the petty and trifling and sees life in broader out-

lines, in terms of mass movement through history. Following so complete a revolution as that of 1917 in Russia, the eyes of the socially awakened have turned toward the Soviet Union. On this pivot point of history—there must one look for the fingerpost that points out the future.

In matters of social construction, education, art, the Soviet Union leads the world—not in the technique, but in the spirit with which they are undertaken. Under the surface accomplishments, which may be the most important and easier to record, the lives of millions of people throb. Often must we have asked ourselves, what is the life of the worker, the Russian peasant, the student, the schoolboy, under the strain of creating a new life that is visioned by the desire and will of masses. Surely, now, ten years after the revolution, life must have swung itself into line, taken on a swing and rhythm of its own, recorded itself in social institutions, art, books. We, sitting on this side of the social fence, are glad to look into the intimate life and psychology of the people on the other side through peepholes offered us in the form of an occasional translation of a Soviet novel.

And *The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy*¹ tears off the front wall of a Soviet school and presents us with an up-and-down cross-section of the education that forms the mind of the future. A virile boy of fifteen, at that age when impressions and environmental influence begin to precipitate character, looks upon life and writes in a diary. The author, Ogniov, was an active participant both in the preparation for the revolution and in the revolution itself. His autobiographical sketch, which appears on the cover of the book, is a modest history of his name, tracing its transformations from the time he escaped from a Russian jail in 1907, through varied revolutionary experiences, to the nickname of "Uncle Misha" given him by the children of Moscow. A part and parcel of the revolution, he has the added advantage of being uncle to thousands of young boys and girls, listening to their troubles, helping them solve their problems—an intimate observer of their lives.

It is no wonder, then, that he could feel himself so lovingly and sympathetically into the life of the boy Kostya as he responds to an education founded on the ideals of the revolution. Ogniov saw prison walls in tsarist Russia, saw the flash of steel and saw the overthrow of a rotted society. Kostya, the Communist schoolboy, remembers the days of the revolution only as a nightmare, and from the days of civil war and famine he still feels a reminiscent pain in his stomach. Ogniov suffered and fought within the old society for the creation of the new. Kostya begins his conscious life in a country where the ideals and aims of the revolution have become the *status quo*. Ogniov fully realizes how the state of the future burdened with the hopes and striving that he holds in common with his generation rests on the shoulders of Kostya. Ogniov, with eyes of a pre-revolutionary generation fastened on the future, watches with anxiety its promise in Kostya. For Kostya is one of the first indications of what will follow. He has been created by the efforts of the revolutionists. One can well imagine with what loving care Ogniov took Kostya's pen in hand and wrote for him in his diary.

And what about Kostya? Kostya appears all unknowing of the care and anxiety of his author. For him the tsar is a figure in history; the older generation of revolutionists the directors of the state; their ideals and aims a part of his surroundings; the revolution and the civil war a story with the tang of reality to it. The Soviet Union is what it is, a worker's and peasant's country, and everything outside of it is bourgeois—a general theoretical sort of a thing which, Kostya knows, is bad and will disappear sooner or later. Life for Kostya has

¹THE DIARY OF A COMMUNIST SCHOOLBOY by N. Ogniov. Payson & Clarke, Ltd. \$2.50.

tremendous possibilities; it is something in which he holds a very important position, something that he can shape and mold into the form destined by the revolution.

That intimate side of life which is so easily overlooked in the face of mass transformations softens Ogniov's pen and makes it pliable to the boyish contours of Kostya. For Kostya is after all a boy of fifteen, a Soviet child, who divides life into simple categories, and sees the serious tasks of the revolution with naively superior eyes. His critical mind will even lead him to laugh at the clumsy efforts of some of his elders who are so anxious about all the Kostyas in the Soviet Union. Kostya will even laugh sometimes at his Uncle Misha, who formed him with such care. He will poke fun at the Dalton System, in which the students do all the work and the teachers do nothing, and when he remembers that Dalton was a lord and a bourgeois—well, that explains it. Sitting beside a girl is intellectualism and should be avoided, especially when the girl does not pay any attention to you. He has held many involved conversations and thought very keenly about dancing—does it fit in with the Communist ideology? He has refused to be called a child by his teachers and has pointed out to them that he is no longer in a classroom but in a laboratory, and that the new schools are different from the old. He finds an understanding friend in his teacher Nikpetozh and brings his problems to him, much as if he were Ogniov himself. He pokes fun at Big Zinaida, the directress, and accepts her "moral pressure" with his tongue in his cheek. His secret ambition is to change his name to Vladlen, short for Vladimir Lenin, and he is greatly disappointed when on application to the Soviet he finds that he must wait until he is eighteen.

The diary, dated from January 22 to January 31, is a reflection of the sorrow of the masses throughout the world. Kostya writes: "During the past week I have grown older by ten years, and I cannot find the words which, as a boy, I still might have invented." Vladimir Ilyitch Lenin was dead.

The diary ends when Nikpetozh, the beloved teacher, leaves the school because for a time he "placed the personal above the social." Kostya joins the Association of Communist Youth. And leaves us to continue the work of the revolution.

Besides its function as a peephole for us who live in a bourgeois world, the *Diary* places in lasting form some of the spirit and impelling force of one of the most important periods in history. It is a book about the future and for the future, a book that concentrates in itself the hopes of an older generation and the promise of the newborn child. It is the story of the first born, on whom is focused all the anxiety and hope, all the massed aspirations of history. With Ogniov we look for signs of genius in the child that is destined to lead the world. And Kostya, only partly aware of our anxiety, shouts, "Long live our Outpost!"

Sol Auerbach.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of THE NEW STUDENT, published monthly during the college year, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1928.

State of New York,
County of New York.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Mildred Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of THE NEW STUDENT, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, edi-

tor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, THE NEW STUDENT, 2929 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Norman Studer, 2929 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Associate Editor, George D. Pratt, Jr., 2929 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Mildred Meyer, 2929 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor: There is none.

2. That the owner is, (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) THE NEW STUDENT Board—George D. Pratt, Jr., 2929 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; John Rothschild, 2 West 46th Street, New York, N. Y.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

MILDRED MEYER.

(Signature of Business Manager)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1928.

(Signed) GEORGE L. J. ALBERT,
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tion's Study of the Continuation of Intellectual Relations between Colleges and Alumni. The lists are in considerable demand among public and college libraries.

Alumni education, prompted by a sincere desire to be of service without patronizing or preaching, has a future limited only by its human material. If it assumes a pompous didacticism or falls into the abyss of rigid mechanical organization, it will deservedly fail. Above all, it must stay fresh, flexible, and individual, building upon the amazing vitality and initiative of the human spirit. If it does this, it may also have reflex values for undergraduate teaching. An occasional student slips numbly through college who later finds intellectual regeneration in the urgencies of adult life. But for the majority, emancipation must begin in those golden years or not at all. We shall never have a genuinely educated alumni body until undergraduates themselves cannot escape the contagion of fine minds. And the oft-discussed dominance of alumni in educational policy must accept this as its first obligation. To that extent alumni education has a serious stake in the quality of its parent seed-bed, and each in the other.

AN AIRPLANE flew over New York the other day giving forth the voice of a Gulliver which proclaimed that there isn't a cough in a carload of a certain well-known brand of cigarettes. Wherever the harassed Lilliputian turned, this booming voice greeted him. The glories of Old Gold rang out from Brooklyn to the Bronx. So persistent has the modern advertiser become with his assault upon the eye and ear that it is as impossible to escape him as it was for Jonah to flee from the presence of God. Yet there is nothing in this over-developed technique of selling that can be turned to use in selling such a worth while product as, let us say, THE NEW STUDENT.

You may lead your magazine-buying public to the intellectual waters by vaudeville tactics, but you can't make them drink. For that, more is required than a voice from the clouds. If the product could be poured down the nation's throat by high-pressure salesmanship, our work would be comparatively easy. Our job, as we see it, is to search out those individuals in all the walks of life who are interested in participating actively in their own education and who need THE NEW STUDENT to help them.

Our best means of reaching these people is through present subscribers to the magazine. They are the only really effective loudspeakers for singing of the merits of the magazine to ears that hear. And since the cost of publishing THE NEW STUDENT is not met by the subscription price, it is the only means of advertising available. So if you have read this magazine and it stimulated you and enlarged your intellectual horizon, you can help establish it on a sound basis and insure its monthly appearance by mentioning it to your friends (quietly and with dignity, of course; we sanction no high-pressure methods). There are several other ways, too, in which you might help if you are interested in our safe and sane advertising program, for instance:

Act as our official agent. We offer liberal terms.

Send us the names of people to whom we might mail sample copies.

Give this copy to a friend after you have read it.

THE NEW STUDENT resumes publication this fall with an ampler magazine than was considered possible last spring. At that time we promised a sixteen-page monthly. The extra eight pages have been made possible through unexpected support of our new editorial policy. The magazine's quality will correspondingly exceed expectations: some of the ablest writers of the country have been enlisted as regular contributors. If the magazine is to fulfill the promise of the past few months it must enlist a large group of readers in college and out. THE NEW STUDENT ought to double its subscription list by February. Will you help us in this drive for subscribers?

I will do my share in helping to double the subscription list by February. Here is One Dollar for which please send THE NEW STUDENT for One Year to

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(PLEASE PRINT)

Address.....

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